THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for August, 1933

Articles

FORWARD WITH HITLER
I. HITLER WILL STAY ..... *Clifford Sharp* 480
II. A COMMUNICATION ..... *Dr. Alice Hamilton* 484
III. GERMAN DIALOGUE ..... *Anonymous* 484
THE JINGO MAHATMA ..... *Mohammed Asad* 489
WHAT GOES ON? ..... *José Ortega y Gasset* 496
PORTENTS OF LITERATURE ..... *The Editor* 509
THE EIGHTH WIFE ..... *Oskar Erdberg* 519
NOTES ON ARNOLD BENNETT ..... *Desmond MacCarthy* 526
Hamlet REWRITTEN ..... *Gerald Gould* 534

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 471
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
THE NEW ACADEMICIAN, FRANÇOIS MAURIAC ..... *André Rousseaux* 501
THE RISE OF MR. REA 503
PRESIDENT ALCALÁ ZAMORA OF SPAIN ..... *H. V. Morton* 505
BOOKS ABROAD 537
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 544
THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY 547
AS OTHERS SEE US 550
COMING EVENTS 554
WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL 556
TABLE OF CONTENTS OF VOLUME 344 i

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

CLIFFORD SHARP, former editor of the *New Statesman*, writes from Germany that Hitler is in to stay and warns the rest of the world to reckon on him as a permanent fixture. This testimony, coming from a man who has all his life been identified with liberal and radical causes—he attacked Ramsay MacDonald's pussyfooting as long ago as 1924—carries much more weight than the views of more conservative observers who have a sneaking sympathy for Fascism in all its forms.

DR. ALICE HAMILTON, one of the members of ex-President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends and the only woman on the Harvard faculty—she teaches at the Medical School—sends us a communication in somewhat the same vein as Mr. Sharp's. She supports her opinion with an article from a Breslau newspaper describing the virtues of Nazi rule. These three articles reflect a growing conviction, both in Germany and abroad, that the Hitler movement has generated great power and enthusiasm.

MAHATMA GANDHI receives the most effective—because the most moderate—debunking treatment we have ever seen him subjected to. Mohammed Asad, a German convert to Islam, shows that Gandhi is primarily a Hindu nationalist working to keep the Mohammedans in the power of the Hindu majority and trying to prevent 60,000,000 Untouchables from breaking away from Hindu control.

EVEN José Ortega y Gasset is bewildered by recent events. We have shortened the original title of a recent lecture of his entitled 'What Is Happening in the World?' to 'What Goes On?' and translated the version of it that appeared in *El Sol* of Madrid. He devotes himself chiefly to modern art and modern sport as symbols of the change that came over the world after the War. For his views on the United States we refer you to our 'As Others See Us' department.

THE second of a series of articles by the Editor of THE LIVING AGE appears in this issue. Last month he attempted to forecast the near future of the United States on the basis of what has happened to other countries in positions similar to our own. This month he analyzes the post-war literature of Germany, France, and England in such a way as to suggest what the course of events may be in those three countries. He proceeds on the assumption that if the work of such writers as Rousseau and Voltaire adds to our understanding of eighteenth-century France, the work of such writers as Thomas Mann, D. H. Lawrence, and Paul Morand adds to our understanding of contemporary Europe. The purpose of the entire series of articles, which will continue throughout the calendar-year, is to offer a new kind of interpretation of current events. If they all venture into prophecy, it is because we believe that correct interpretation of to-day's events means accurate anticipation of to-morrow's.

THE author of 'The Eighth Wife' is a Russian Communist who has lived and worked in China, where he wrote *Tales of Modern China*, in which 'The Eighth Wife' appeared. Between fifty and a hundred million Chinese have adopted the Soviet system in recent years, and Russian agitation is more active and successful there than in any other part of the world. But Comrade Erdberg's story is a purely descriptive piece without any of the propaganda usually associated with Communist literature, and it gives a different picture of the country from those presented by Pearl Buck, Ann Bridge, and Nora Waln.

(*Continued on page 558*)

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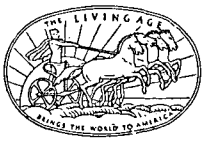
THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



August, 1933 *Volume 344, Number 4403*

The World Over

THE OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT of the World Economic Conference has been to intensify the economic warfare between five of the major powers. The currency dispute, arousing as it did more bitterness than any other issue, revealed England, France, Germany, Japan, and the United States all pursuing different and irreconcilable monetary policies. England is torn between the desire of the financiers for a stable currency based on gold and the desire of the industrialists for lower production costs. But the British standard of living depends on the purchasing power of the pound in foreign markets, because most of the food that England eats comes from abroad. In 1931, when the pound went off gold and dropped to about $3.50, a corresponding decline in world prices saved the British standard of living because a $3.50 pound bought as much in 1932 as a $4.87 pound bought in 1930. If, however, world prices now continue their climb while at the same time British inflationists of the Keynes school have their way and permit the buying power of the pound to drop still further, incalculable social damage may result. On the other hand, any sudden attempt to raise the buying power of the pound would raise British production costs and ruin the export trade on which British industry depends. England's salvation therefore lies in gradual adjustments to changing conditions. Domestic agriculture is being revived, trade agreements have been concluded with several foreign nations as well as with the Dominions, and the historic policy of

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muddling through seems likely to be vindicated once again—always provided the muddling proceeds at an orderly pace.

But neither Germany, Japan, nor the United States will move so slowly, whereas France will not move at all. Having devaluated the franc from 20 cents to 4 cents in 1926 and wiped out 80 per cent of the national savings, France cannot inflate her currency again without ruining her middle class as the middle class of Germany was ruined after 1923. As a relatively self-sufficient national area, France also has little to gain from a rise in prices abroad and everything to lose from inflation at home. The fundamental cleavage between France and England is thus revealed in the demand of even so orthodox a Conservative as Neville Chamberlain for a rise in world prices.

Germany, in the throes of a revolution caused by one inflation, is not likely to try another. But with dwindling metallic reserves that give her currency a gold coverage of less than 10 per cent, Germany must virtually dump industrial goods abroad. She is therefore even more devoted to financial orthodoxy than France, but at the same time in even greater need of foreign trade than England, one of her chief competitors. Japan, forced by the crisis to invade Manchuria, needs foreign markets more urgently than Germany—or, indeed any other country—and the yen has therefore been allowed to decline to one-third of its par value. Finally, the United States is now committed to inflation as the way out of the depression and seems likely to devaluate the dollar still further, unless the precedent of every foreign country in a position comparable to our own is to be ignored. But what began as an effort to raise domestic prices and ease the burden of the debtor may end in an aggressive campaign for more exports.

With England already shutting Japanese goods out of India, it is difficult to see how the tangle of contradictions revealed at London can fail to lead to war somewhere in the world, and though it is still too early to prophesy what the line-up will be, it is not too early for the United States to make efforts to keep aloof from the struggle. For if trade rivalry was the prime cause of the last world war, it will play at least as important a rôle in the next one, and the stake that America might have in that war would depend on the extent of her foreign trade. If, therefore, the Roosevelt Administration can follow up its success at London by refusing to allow the national interest to become dependent on foreign trade—just as it has already refused to allow our currency policy to be dictated by anything but domestic considerations—it may be able to follow up a great step toward prosperity with a great step toward peace.

JUST AS the rising prices on the New York Stock Exchange reflect the business improvement that has already occurred and the hope of better

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business to come, so the boom in European munition concerns reflects the profits already extracted from the Far East and South America and the hope of still greater profits elsewhere. For at a time when foreign stock exchanges have not witnessed any such boom as has lately visited the American markets, shares in Hotchkiss, Schneider-Creusot, Armstrong, Vickers, I. C. I. (a chemical concern), Fairey Aviation, and Hawker (another military-aviation firm) have risen to new heights. England has spent two and one-half million additional pounds on naval construction and Vickers-Armstrong is advertising illegal weapons in the German press. But the most sensational development has been a scandal involving the Skoda interests in Rumania. We hope to print the full details in a later issue, but for the present must confine ourselves to quoting the *New Statesman and Nation's* summary of what happened:—

> What the world at present knows is that a scare was put about, mainly in a paper devoted to Skoda interests, that Russian troops were massed in Bessarabia. The scare proved to be totally unfounded, but under its influence or under cover of its excuse very large orders were given to Skoda. The matter was raised in the Rumanian Parliament and it was at once seen that a number of high officials in the army were involved. A general who was a former secretary general of the War Ministry and commander of an army corps shot himself in his bureau. He was apparently only one of a number of officers who had been bribed. A certain Seletski, an army contractor and the Skoda representative in Rumania, was then discovered to have been singularly generous to his friends in Rumanian Government departments. His books showed entries of very large sums—hundreds of thousands of lei—to 'charities' and for the entertainment of political friends and for 'presents' to officials. The ramifications of the affair extend far and much has been done to hush it up. But enough has been exposed to make it impossible to argue that armament manufacturers have changed their spots since the War.

The same paper also states that British armament manufacturers are playing a similar game in Germany.

> The vested interests which made for war with Germany before 1914 to-day favor a strong anti-Communist power in Central Europe. The armament interest is only one of these, but it is significant that very friendly visits have recently been exchanged between the air interests in the two countries, and it is no close secret that German rearmament is likely to take place with British aid.

THE FRENCH DELEGATES at the World Economic Conference talked stabilization as monotonously as French delegates to disarmament conferences talk security. Since 80 per cent of the French national savings were wiped out in 1926, when the franc was reduced from 20 cents to 4 cents, the Daladier Government will never consent to further inflation of its own free will. A mild industrial revival is also under way in France, the official index, based on 1913 output as 100, having shown these figures during the opening months of 1933 compared with April 1932:—

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Industries	1932	1933			
	April	January	February	March	April
Mechanical	96	97	101	104	108
Metallurgical	71	76	80	84	87
Textile	53	70	71	69	68
Mining	97	100	103	101	100
Building	107	92	93	94	95
Leather	92	110	114	115	115
Paper	109	107	112	120	128
Rubber	656	767	743	808	878
Motor-car	430	481	504	516	509
General	95	100	103	105	107

Unemployment has also declined about 8 per cent, to judge from the diminishing number of people on the dole. But there are still a few flies in the ointment. The Government has failed to keep its promise of maintaining agricultural prices, and it cannot find the money to pay for the ambitious public works that Daladier has advocated. The United States has come in for more than its usual quota of abuse in the Paris newspapers, which interpret the London Conference as a struggle between the dollar and the pound, with the franc on the side lines.

THANKS LARGELY to the efforts of the *Manchester Guardian* the world outside Germany understands that the agonies of the Jews are a minor aspect of the Brown Terror in Germany. A special correspondent just back from the Third Reich reports that a 'steadily growing' number of prisoners is being dispatched to concentration camps. The victims include 'pacifists, liberals, Socialists, Communists, lawyers who specialized as counsel for the defense of accused persons belonging to the left, or writers who sympathized with the left or with pacifism.' Here is the way their life is described:—

> The treatment combines hard labor, rigorous military discipline, ferocious corporal punishments, and the arbitrary ill treatment of individuals. Many of the prisoners were first illtreated in one of the Brown Houses, which are really torture chambers (what goes on in these Brown Houses has been described repeatedly in the *Manchester Guardian*), before being sent to a camp. Few, if any, of the prisoners have been tried—many of them do not know why they are interned. The camps are not in charge of the police but of Brown Shirts (prisoners in ordinary jails are much better treated). The concentration camps are an organic part of the Brown Terror with which the Hitlerite dictatorship keeps the political opposition repressed. The camps are, so to speak, the continuation and amplification of the Terror in the streets and in the Brown Houses.

The *Manchester Guardian* also printed the personal story of a Bulgarian doctor who was mistaken for a Communist and tortured in one of

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the Brown Houses. Here is the way he described one of the several beatings he received:—

> The Brown Shirts then began to beat me with their rubber truncheons; leather whips, and *Stahlruten* [rods of flexible steel]. They seemed to be in a mad, bestial rage. They jumped on chairs and tables and struck downward at me without mercy. Most of the blows fell upon my head. The blood streamed down my face. Then someone hit me with an iron bar, there was a whistling noise in my left ear, and I collapsed and lost consciousness.

SUCH EPISODES offer the most convincing proof there is of the instability of the Hitler régime. Possibly Clifford Sharp's prophecy, appearing elsewhere in this issue, that Hitler is in to stay may come true, but the longer the Terror has to be continued, the greater is the likelihood that Hitler will fall. With the Socialist Party disbanded and dissolved and the Communists driven underground, opposition to the Nazis seems more likely to come from their own ranks than from any other quarter. In our May issue we pointed out that the Hitler revolution had been filled with contradictions from the start—the magnates of finance and industry who had paid Hitler's way became alarmed by the genuine revolutionary ardor of his rank and file followers within a fortnight of the March elections. And this split between the disgruntled lower classes on the one hand and the conservative vested interests on the other has widened with the passage of time. Even the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* foresees trouble, especially in the economic sphere, and draws some pointed comparisons between the Germany of 1931, which was groaning under the weight of reparations, and the Germany of 1933, which is rejoicing in Hitler:—

> In March 1931 the volume of Germany's foreign trade was over 1,300,000,000 marks; in March 1933 it was less than 800,000,000 marks. The transfer moratorium, which a year ago seemed to have been averted, is at hand. The April fall in unemployment, which in 1931 was 386,000, was in 1933 but 292,000, and unemployment, the diminution of which is a vital task for the Government, can no longer be attributed to reparations. The budgetary situation is obscure; a cumulative deficit of about 2,000,000,000 marks was foretold by the Finance Minister, but as the 1932–33 budget has been prolonged the actual results are not known. Expenditure for 1933–34 is being made at the rate of 1932–33, but it is not yet possible to see what is happening on the revenue side, though the trend is apparently unfavorable.
>
> The financial future is overshadowed by the mortgage put on the revenue of future years, in the form of discountable taxation-remission vouchers, by Herr von Papen, who vainly hoped so to stimulate industry that 2,000,000 unemployed would find work. This burden on future budgets, imposed in the assumption of a trade recovery that is not yet assured, is increased by the vast problem of financing labor conscription, the Government's main positive proposal, of which all that has as yet been heard is that 'financial difficulties should

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not form an obstacle to the execution of measures of state policy.' But for Dr. Schacht's unyielding opposition to inflation such statements might conjure up visions of the printing press.

With the continued Terror indicating unstable social conditions and the above report indicating unstable economic conditions, it is hard to see how political conditions can remain as they are for long.

GERALD BARRY, editor of the *Week-end Review*, anticipates war rather than political upheaval. Returning from a series of conferences in Vienna and Budapest attended by some of the best-informed observers from all parts of Europe, he reported universal anxiety as to Germany's future:—

> It so happens that I came in contact with no Germans, but I did come closely in contact with people who know the present Germany well and have watched its development at first hand. Neither among them nor among the nationals of Germany's immediate neighbors was I able to detect a single exception to a mood of acute and cynical apprehension. No one in this part of Europe is the least bit deceived by Herr Hitler's recent show of moderation. The Reichstag speech may have reassured the British public overnight, but it has left the nations of Central and Southeastern Europe cold. They make no pretense to any illusions about German intentions. Germany means to rearm, is rearming; means to fight, is getting ready to do so. For this reason it is not surprising that references to the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference are dismissed with a smile, while the same people will sit up half the night telling you stories of secret arsenals and the traffic in arms. The League of Nations is not on people's lips; Skoda and Schneider and Vickers-Armstrong are. How consignments of arms got through from Czechoslovakia to Yugoslavia, via Austria (a pretty story this, but unfortunately not now for publication), how Germans are being trained as air pilots in Russia, how in this country there is a tank school for Germans and in that a secret store of military aëroplanes for Hungary—these are among common subjects of conversation.

Mr. Barry does not believe that war will come in the next few months but he does fear it in the next few years. If, therefore, Hitler can last for two or even one of the four years he has set himself, he may be able to meet the political upheaval that now seems unavoidable by a declaration of war.

AT A TIME when Fascism of one form or another is gaining ground in all the industrial nations, the Communists, whose founder prophesied that the proletarian revolution would first break out in industrialized England, are stronger in Bulgaria than anywhere else outside Russia. This is partly due to the enthusiasm for Panslavism among the Bulgarian people, who have always been friendly toward Russia and who know that several men who achieved high rank in the Russian Communist Party, notably Rakovski, former Ambassador to France, are of Bul-

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garian birth. But it is also more than a coincidence that Bulgaria's economic and class structure bears a close resemblance to that of pre-war Russia. Both countries are predominantly agrarian, and, although most Bulgarian peasants own their own land, there is no middle class in Bulgaria powerful enough to take command of the country. Even during the comparative prosperity of the first post-war decade there were always many Communists in Bulgaria, and now that the world crisis has arrived there is neither a middle class to provide the rank and file of a Fascist movement nor any large financial or industrial interests to provide the funds. The Communist Party itself was outlawed after the bombing of the Sofia Cathedral in 1925, but most of its leaders have reëmerged in a Labor Party that was formed two years later. The representatives of this party have now been excluded from Parliament but the Agrarian Party is showing increasing dissatisfaction with the present dictatorship.

The proclamation of martial law in Sofia during the month of June shows how tense the situation has become. The immediate cause of the trouble was the open warfare that had been going on in the streets of the city between two wings of the Interior Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, and the police arrested no less than a thousand trouble makers and discovered hundreds of revolvers, rifles, and bombs in secret keeping. As *Le Temps* remarked at the time, 'the clean-up of the capital and of the principal cities in which the Macedonian revolutionary element dominates had become an imperious necessity in a country profoundly stirred by political passions, where Communist agitators were trying to exploit all grievances and the best efforts toward national revival encountered the resistance of secret groups.'

NOW THAT the gentlemen of the Kremlin have received at the hands of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation the same favors hitherto reserved for Michigan banks and Missouri railways, American recognition of Russia can hardly be slow in coming. But this was only one of Foreign Commissar Litvinov's achievements at the London Conference. He also patched up trade relations with England, signed some more non-aggression pacts, and still further improved his relations with France. The *Moskauer Rundschau* therefore seems to be quite justified in pointing out that Soviet Russia has come steadily up in the world since the Genoa Conference of 1922:—

> The growing significance of the Soviet Union laid its stamp on the opening of the London Conference. It would now be comic to ask whether the U. S. S. R. is playing an active or passive rôle in international affairs. The present situation is sufficiently characterized by the fact that the question at the Genoa Conference was what concessions Russia could make to foreign countries, whereas at the London Conference the question was what treaties the Soviet Union was pre-

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pared to sign with these countries. The colossal strengthening of the U. S. S. R.'s international position is unquestionably the most important difference between London and Genoa. The changes that have occurred since 1922 are not only the result of the success of socialist construction; they are also the consequence of the economic crisis in the capitalist world. And there is still another important difference between the world conference in Genoa and the World Conference in London. It is that Germany, which proclaimed its independence at Genoa along with the Soviet Union, appeared in London of its own volition in the rôle of poor relation, eager to find a little chamber for itself in the tumble-down house of world capitalism.

WILLIAM MARTIN, former foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, writes from Shanghai urging the Western Powers to understand the game that Japan is playing in China and to help the Chinese financially. He points out first that Japanese expansion demands the division and ruination of China:—

The Japanese know what China's internal recovery would mean to them. It would mean that Japan, which has been able to cut a figure as a Great Power in the Far East because it has half a century's advantage over China, would lose that advantage, and would drop back to the petty country that it was for centuries alongside a powerful neighbor. It is a risk worth guarding against, and it explains why the Japanese policy has always been to put every possible obstacle in the way of the reconstruction of China. For a long time it was sufficient to foment civil wars in China. But for some years now that has become more difficult, and the Japanese have thus decided to play off their own bat. The future will show whether they will be able to keep Manchuria or not. But from the Chinese domestic point of view the consequences of their actions are already apparent.

He then describes China's financial condition. The seizure of Manchuria has lost the Chinese government $55,000,000 a year in revenue and the war is costing $200,000,000 a year more. Meanwhile, the Western powers are putting pressure on China to compel the payment of international debts incurred in Manchuria. China is also being forced to pay the Japanese share of the Boxer Indemnity, 'although Japan is illegally retaining in the vaults of the Bank of Korea a sum of $2,000,000 belonging to the Chinese customs.' M. Martin concludes as follows:—

In other words, the powers, instead of helping China, are making her defense yet more difficult. It is sometimes said that the Chinese statesmen are not equal to their task. One may dispute the justice of that; if it is considered how immense is the task and how infinite its difficulties, it may fairly be held that, on the contrary, they are facing up to it very well. China is a continent, and the Chinese statesmen are certainly keeping their heads up in the deluge of their problems at least as well as the European statesmen amid the problems of Europe. One may well ask what the European politicians would do if, on top of their economic troubles, they had to withstand a foreign invader and if, instead of being helped by those who owed them help, they had to pay them money.

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TRADE RIVALRY between Great Britain and Japan continues to increase, and now the same London journals that were oozing admiration for Japan's strong policy in Manchuria less than two years ago are demanding more embargoes on Japanese goods. The Federation of British Industries has submitted to the Board of Trade a 'Report on Japanese Competition' which points out among other things that in 1928 Great Britain exported seven or eight times as much artificial silk as Japan and that in 1932 Japan exported more than three times as much as England. Apparently not content with the abrogation of the Japanese-Indian trade agreement, which has already created great hostility to England in Japan, the *Saturday Review* remarks:—

> The struggle of the British manufacturer is hopeless, unless the whole Empire pulls together and protects adequately Imperial trade. In the cotton trade, the Japanese operatives work at one-third of British wages if they are male and one-fourth if they are female. Moreover, they have a working week of sixty hours as against forty-eight in this country. The case is the same with wool textiles. The discrepancy in the artificial-silk industry is even greater. For example, in Japan a spinner of rayon yarn earns 14*s.* 7*d.* for a six-and-a-half-day week, while in England 75*s.* 6*d.* is paid for forty-eight hours. Electric lamps are produced as 'a cottage industry' for export, and wages range from 2½*d.* to 3*d.* a day for children to 7*d.* for women and 1*s.* for men. In Great Britain a day's wage in this trade considerably exceeds the earnings of a Japanese during a whole week.

But the Yokohama correspondent of the *Morning Post* has a solution for the trouble. In a dispatch entitled, 'The West's Only Chance: Simpler Scale of Living,' this commentator points out:—

> The West has failed to learn from Japan how to avoid extravagance and luxury. . . . Capital and labor must be content with profits and wages low enough to compete with all comers. . . . When the Lancashire capitalist has to pay wages five times higher than the wages paid for the same work in Japan, how can successful competition be possible?

He then goes on to say that England must compete against 'labor that is content with life's simplicities and considers any wage better than none' and adds that 'it is this simplicity of life that the West must learn.' In reply the irreverent 'Yaffle,' weekly columnist for the Independent Labor Party's *New Leader*, says:—

> So we must brace ourselves to the struggle to reduce life to the lowest possible level. The fight will be hard. When two determined, patriotic nations fight with religious fervor to reach the lowest scale of living, by the time the fight is over there will be no scale and very little living. But that is our aim: it is to prove that the only way to get full advantage of an industrial system that can produce everything is to do without everything. The crusade is on. Let us prove that a Christian can be an even bigger fool than a Shintoist.

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A former editor of the *New Statesman* writes from Germany that Hitler is in to stay and an American doctor sends us from Munich a German justification of the Third Reich accompanied by a communication similar to Mr. Sharp's.

Forward *with* HITLER

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. HITLER WILL STAY

By CLIFFORD SHARP

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

A TEN DAYS' visit to Hitler's Berlin has convinced me that it is impossible for anyone really to understand what is happening in Germany just now without grasping certain propositions that can be stated only as observed and easily observable facts:—

(1) That Hitler's conquest of the minds and hearts of all classes of Germans, largely *since* he came into power, is now so complete that even if all his Brown Shirts and Steel Helmets and the rest of his uniformed followers were to be disbanded to-morrow he would still be easily the strongest man in Germany, and on any appeal to the electorate would be confirmed in power by a quite overwhelming majority of votes. His natural opponents, the trade unions and the Social Democrats, are too divided among themselves, too tired of their old leaders, and altogether too half-hearted to offer any serious resistance at all.

(2) That this is a real revolution, a very great event in the history of Europe, having enormous popular forces behind and beneath it as a foundation—as contrasted with the *pis aller* German revolution of 1918, which had no foundation at all, when in truth a president had to be created merely because an emperor had fled.

(3) That this revolution is in its essence simply the delayed reaction of a great nation against the injustices and stupidities of the Treaty of Ver-

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sailles and the indefensible subsequent invasion of the Ruhr; and that the strength and depth of this reaction are proportionate both to its long delay and to the enormity of the blunders of the Allies in general and of the French in particular.

(4) That Hitler is recognized by the whole of the political and official intelligentzia as an exceedingly able man—easily the ablest leader and spokesman that Germany has found at least since the death of Dr. Stresemann—if not since very much longer than that.

(5) That Hitler's final step into power has produced a psychological effect on the minds of the German nation as a whole so rapid and so great that it must be seen to be believed.

II

Writing from Cologne the other day, Bruce Bairnsfather put the last point in a nutshell. After remarking upon 'the wonderful array of assorted types, men and women, soldiers and civilians, behaving as if each had just won the first prize in the Calcutta Sweep—extraordinary the way depression and economic chaos take some people. . . .' he warns his companion, 'Old Bill,' not to say too much in cafés about Hitler:—

'"Now listen," I said, "I've got a few pointers in this business. Hitler means more here *than either you or the world at large realize*. He's come to stay, so pipe down about him. He's sold something to these people, just as Joan of Arc did years ago to the French."'

The italics are mine and I have used them because the sooner we and the rest of the world do realize Hitler's real position in Germany the better. No one else counts. The war scare that was created in London and Paris by Papen's egregious oration of a fortnight or so ago was wholly groundless, because what Papen says does not matter at all. It is understood in the Wilhelmstrasse that Hitler pays not the slightest attention to the opinions of any of his colleagues save Dr. Schacht, to whose views he defers on all economic and financial questions.

Now, if the five propositions that I have set down above are true (and I think no competent observer who has been in Berlin during this month of May would seriously dispute any of them); what are their consequences? It follows first of all that Hitler has 'come to stay' for a very long time. And that until he falls or dies his name will be even more synonymous with the word 'Germany' than Mussolini's is with the word 'Italy.'

But can he fall in any foreseeable circumstances? I do not see that it is possible. He will probably fail to carry out his economic plans because he has promised the very nearly impossible, but what then? The rocks ahead of him are many and dangerous, but he is not likely to suffer personal wreck upon any of them. For no blunder or even catastrophe (such as, for example, a new giant and ruinous inflation, which Schacht, by the way, is there to prevent) could upset his position, since there is literally no other man in Germany able or even willing to attempt to take his place. So that it comes to this, that we are almost certainly in for an era of Hitlerism as long as that of Mussolini's rule in Italy, Stalin's in Russia, or Kemal's in Turkey; and we may as well face this as a fact at once.

The prospects of Hitler's supremacy

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in Germany as I see them are both good and bad. I will enumerate my opinions as I enumerated above my first-hand observations.

(1) It is always good *per se*, I believe, that a nation should recover its self-confidence and its self-respect, which Germany has never done since 1918, and it is good also that it should possess a spokesman whose authority to speak and act in its name cannot be questioned by the outside world.

(2) *The Jewish Question.* Here, I think, the prospects are bad and the persecution will continue indefinitely in the shape of various civil and legal disabilities but without further violence. During the recent hard years in Germany (few outsiders realize *how* hard) the Jews have accumulated against themselves, justly or unjustly, a tremendous mass of popular hatred as food profiteers, usurers, anti-national intriguers, and so on. This hatred Hitler exploited on his path to power just as he exploited every other strong popular sentiment. Having reached power, he probably would have prevented violence if he could, and would certainly, since he is no fool, have prevented such outrages as the treatment of Einstein and other German Jews of world-wide reputation. But he could not stem the forces that he had helped to set in motion, and such things once done cannot easily be undone.

(3) *The Militarist Question.* Here, I think, one may say with complete certainty that what Hitler said in his Reichstag speech on May 17 was exactly what he meant and accurately represents the policy that he will pursue. I found no German who dreamed of the possibility of war within the next ten or fifteen years at any rate; few who did not hope that it might be prevented in the future altogether (having been so thoroughly disillusioned as to its efficacy 'as an instrument of national policy'); and, again, none who were not genuinely alarmed by the widely reported intention of France to reinvade the Ruhr and so to destroy it, and the Saar Valley as well, as to make it impossible to reconstruct either of these great industrial areas within a generation. The truth is that the Nazi mind is concentrated on the internal problems of Germany and does not want to be bothered by foreign affairs at all for a long time to come. It uses militarist phrases freely enough, but if it contains in itself any real elements of a future militarism, they are too embryonic to be visible at all at present.

(4) *The Corridor.* On the other hand, the hope of regaining, indeed the determination to regain, the Polish Corridor seemed to be equally universal. There might, it was felt, be some way other than war of recovering it—but recovered by some means or other it must be, and *would* be—a view, by the way, which the *New Statesman* has expressed ever since 1919 and which Mr. Lloyd George is known always to have held.

(5) *Economic Plans.* These are very definitely socialistic, and their prospects are necessarily uncertain. Some of the details of Hitler's proposals regarding unemployment which I learned of in Berlin have now been published, and it is clear that they are more vigorous than any that have been proposed in other countries. Their success, however, depends partly upon the course, up or down, of world trade as a whole and partly upon the

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ability of Dr. Schacht to finance them without causing a ruinous inflation. If this is possible, then undoubtedly the man who stabilized the mark nine years ago is the man best qualified for the job. Broadly speaking, one may say that Hitler's plan, apart from substituting men for women in industry as far as possible, is to make every unemployed man do some sort of work of national utility in return for the dole, regardless of his ordinary trade or the regulations of his trade union; and it is mainly with this purpose in view that he has in effect abolished (or 'taken charge of'!) the trade-union organizations. This also, of course, is what he means by his proposed 'conscription' of the unemployed—a word which in this case has not even a shadow of the sinister significance attributed to it in the French press.

(6) *The Constitutional Question*. This in some ways is perhaps the most interesting question of all, but also naturally the most conjectural. I should be inclined, from many views gathered in Germany, to say this: that if Hitler continues to represent as successfully as he has hitherto represented the common wishes and hopes of the greater part of the German nation—though in language far more violent than is native to the average German—then, some day, when he can find time to think about it, he will probably abolish the Republic and establish a constitutional monarchy with a monarch (perhaps a young Hohenzollern) who owes his title to the Reichstag as our own monarchs since 1689 have owed theirs to Parliament.

But that is looking too far ahead even for the eyes of conjecture. All it seems possible to predict at present with real confidence is that Hitlerism is definitely established and unshakable; that while its resemblances to Fascism are more superficial than real it will certainly act quite as ruthlessly in the suppression of free speech and writing and other such popular liberties whenever it deems them dangerous to the preservation of its own power; that its main immediate purpose will be to reëstablish the economic prosperity and power of the country; and that it will do its utmost to avoid foreign complications of any kind for many years to come—provided the absolute equality of the status of Germany among the other Great Powers is recognized without reservation.

III

Finally, here is the main practical conclusion that I have drawn from all that I have recently seen in Germany. 'Hitlerism' is the business of the Germans themselves. Foreigners can no more destroy or even influence it by words or action than they have been able to injure or influence Bolshevism in Russia or Fascism in Italy. Hitlerism is for us merely a fact to be taken into account in all our estimates of the world situation. And it would be very foolish of us to disregard its strength merely because as liberals we do not like it, or for the same reason to imagine that it contains within itself serious elements of instability. For my part, I cannot see that it contains any such elements at all. Hitler has passed from the stage of party leader to being the national prophet of an exceedingly serious people, and it would need another such prophet to displace him.

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II. A Communication

By Dr. Alice Hamilton

THE following article is a translation from a Breslau newspaper, the *Schlesische Zeitung* of May 14, 1933. I am sending it to you because it is absolutely typical of the mental attitude of some of the finest Germans I have met over here,—university professors, clergymen, artists, writers,—and if we Americans are to understand what is happening in Germany and why, such men must be listened to. It is eloquence of this kind, so foreign to our American mentality, that pours out in response to questions about the 'cold pogrom' against the Jews, the imprisonment of political dissenters, the regimentation of the press and of all branches of art.

The German has apparently a burning sense of inferiority. He feels intellectually inferior to the Jews and physically inferior to the victors in the World War, and he has determined that he will no longer submit to inferiority in either of those fields; he will assert himself and regain his old pride in German force and in the German spirit. When one suggests that spiritual victories cannot be won by violence, that France's effort at national unity by driving out the Huguenots was not happy in its results and that it was not good for Spain to get rid of her Moors and Jews and free-thinking Spaniards, one is told that these measures are part of a transitional stage in the great awakening of the German people and that it is small-minded to dwell on them. Indeed, one sees that these men cannot dwell on them without great disquiet of spirit; therefore, they turn their faces away in order to be able to lose themselves in their exalted vision. Dissent is treason in present-day Germany; so is criticism. The slogan now is unanimity.

It is easy to condemn such men wholesale, as madmen or cowards, but that is too simple. After all, it must be remembered that this is war-time in Germany, and surely we have not forgotten the strange change that came over some of our own idealists during the Great War. In spite of all the cruelty, bigotry, and ugly personal vindictiveness, one feels that there is something coming out of this movement in Germany that the German people have been hungering for, and however exaggerated, even hysterical, the outpourings of its devotees may seem to detached Anglo-Saxons, they are not wholly absurd; there is something here that calls for thought on our part.

III. German Dialogue

Translated from the *Schlesische Zeitung*, Breslau National Socialist Daily

In the following article an effort is made to clarify by means of an imaginary dialogue some of the problems that are troubling Germans just now.

X. How do you feel about the Third Reich?

Y: From your tone I infer that you are not wholly pleased with things.

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X: That I cannot deny and I am sure I am not alone. I am not thinking of those who always were lukewarm toward the movement for national freedom or even opposed to it; I am thinking only of those who always worked for it heart and soul.

Y: We are still only on the threshold of the Third Reich, and it is an uncomfortable and drafty spot.

X: A stupid simile. If it were only a draft! But it is much more serious and I am deeply troubled.

Y: So are many good patriots. The wild joy of January 30 and of the glorious Day of Potsdam could not possibly last. Since then we have come, as Dr. Goebbels says, to the 'gray morning of the Revolution' and we have to build the Third Reich from the ground up.

X: But what about the form in which it is to be built? The outside world has turned away from us. That we might accept, for the world has been hostile to us ever since we can remember. Nevertheless, a country that is in Germany's position cannot regulate its internal affairs quite without regard to the effect produced in other countries. And certainly we can be under no illusions as to what that effect has been. However, I am even more distressed about the people in our own country who are alienated from our movement by what has occurred. There are men who have resigned from their positions rather than work with us. Others, in despair, have taken their own lives. They include valuable people—philosophers, scientists, artists, musicians, statesmen. Are we so rich in outstanding individuals that we can let them go so easily, even force them out, although they may have supported the national cause in all sincerity and although Hitler and his associates have always said that every adherent to the cause would be welcome?

II

Y: We must regard a tremendous upheaval such as we have just lived through, not from a personal, but from an historical standpoint. Individual fate, even if it is very tragic, must not outweigh in importance the fate of the nation. Every revolution is inclined to overshoot its mark, but nations with character have the moral strength to rein in these forces before they get out of hand. Russia is an exception. Her revolution only destroyed; it built up nothing. Russia has annihilated the spirit of her people. We to-day are fighting a battle against the un-German spirit. That this shall not develop into a battle against all that is spiritual must be the task of those who prepared the Revolution and who glory in its success.

X: It is not always easy to distinguish what is un-German in spirit. To nail books to a pillory on university grounds, or to burn them in the market place, may be a symbolic act planned to sharpen the critical instinct of the people toward real values in literature, but would it not be better to use rational discussion and explanation, rather than the easy way of destroying books? Respect for the opinions of others may to-day pass as a discarded principle of liberalism, but it has long been considered an admirable trait of the German character, and our own Martin Luther fought for it against the scaffolds and fires of the Inquisition.

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Y: Certainly. But nobody has ever followed this principle in dealing with Germany herself. Both within the country and without, it was made utterly impossible for us to give expression to our beliefs. The 'foreignization' of the German people had taken on such proportions that we had only two alternatives: either to capitulate and let Germany slip down into the place of a colony for exploitation by other countries, many of them far inferior to us culturally, or, in the spirit of Frederick the Great, to take up battle for the German spirit. It is the latter which Germany chose, and with a magnificent gesture.

X: If foreign influences could affect us to such an extent it must mean that we are inferior intellectually; otherwise, in the field of free competition of minds, we should have been able to hold our own.

Y: That we should certainly have done had the competition been free, but it never was. Here is the most important aspect of the whole Jewish question. Under the former government all Jewish productions enjoyed such an advantage that they took possession of the whole field, intellectual and artistic, and drove out all other competitors, regardless of their real worth. In Germany during recent years Jews have decided which painters, sculptors, or musicians were to be recognized, which authors and poets might have their works published, and Germany was presented to the outside world as a picture seen through Jewish eyes. They were the critics, and we had to learn through them what we Germans amount to. I am not speaking now of their influence on trade, finance, politics, and the legal profession. This was the situation during all the years of the former régime, and perhaps we cannot escape the charge of a certain kind of intellectual weakness, since we allowed ourselves to be so completely ousted from all fields.

X: That I cannot contest. I am with you there. One must not forget that we are a young nation where everything is in process of growth, whereas the Jews look back to a past of thousands of years. Because of this past they were far ahead of us when competition in the world of the intellect began. Their overclear, fine-spun, critical intellects tore to pieces each tender blossom of our soul, and the German spirit was robbed of the highest, holiest element of its growth, namely, its secrecy. Just recently Waldemar Bonsels said this very thing: 'It is in secret, in silent labor and brooding quiet, that the forces of a people flourish if its period of blossoming and fruition is not yet in the past, for all growth and development take place in secret. On secrecy depend the delicate processes of germination, the shyness and the special sensitiveness of the spiritual nature. The deadly enemy, which puts to rout reverence and faith, is satire, wit, intellectual impudence, taking the place of humor, that is, of affectionate understanding and tolerance for common human nature, its weaknesses and even its faults. Goethe has a splendid sentence: "It is easy to be witty when one has respect for nothing." This lack of respect is evident or latent in all Jewish intellectual or emotional productions and it is a caustic poison to the unsophisticated German spirit. That is the reason for the deep, dark note of warning, the hidden suspicion, the

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repulsion that nations feel toward Jewry, and in this the Germans are not alone, nor are they even the first.'

These facts are indisputable, and if the Jewish question could be settled by men like Bonsels all would be well. I do not for a moment doubt the wisdom of our present leaders, but their eyes cannot be everywhere and there is danger that the movement will attract unworthy elements who do not know what they are doing when they consign to the flames such lofty and unforgettable fruits of the human spirit as 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' Unfortunately also, there is an only too human inclination to fish in troubled waters, to denounce one's neighbor in order to gratify a contemptible feeling of envy. And who dares to defend by one word the victim of an evident injustice when it simply means that one is one's self accused of treason to the nation and of having Jewish blood, even if one is pure Aryan to the tenth generation?

III

Y: If it is necessary for Germany's sake, then such false accusations must be endured, yes even the way to the scaffold must be taken. The honor of our Revolution must be defended as strenuously as the honor of Germany itself. For the present the honor of the Revolution lies in the hands of Hitler and Hindenburg and those they have chosen to lead us. But if unforeseen events should ever bring it about that the Revolution threatened to break the dikes that have been built around it, then we may be sure that Hitler will control it as once Luther controlled the iconoclastic revolt and the Peasants' War. So far there is not the slightest ground for fear that the movement will get out of hand; on the contrary, never has a revolution shown such soldierly discipline as has ours. Critics of what has occurred should turn to history, but not in the spirit of those who try to find in the liberal periods of our past an explanation for this national uprising that has shaken the world. We must take leave of much that was dear to us in our past, of many beloved liberal leaders of former days. There is much in the new that we find hard to understand, and there are even some things that arouse our repulsion.

But we must not use a yardstick to measure great events. Fundamental changes are being brought about with breath-taking speed. The consolidation act of Potsdam, the abolition of party differences, the destruction of Marxism, the winning back of labor to the ideals of the state, the strengthening of the peasants through the new law—all these are monumental achievements. What we may have lost in the esteem of the outside world we have gained in the respect of our own land. We do not depend any longer on foreign ideas; our own ideas are again springing up and we are forming a new world; Germany is again 'the protecting state.' Is it not wonderful how again and again in this nation of ours it is the spirit that prevails? The leaders of the National Socialists thought that there would surely be conflicts over economic questions, but not at all, nobody speaks of economic matters.

The differences that exist are in the spiritual field. Universities, churches, libraries are the places where the German Revolution found its first

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critics, and from the first it has been clear that here was no materialistic movement like that of 1918, but a movement of faith, of belief. When other nations have had revolutions they were concerned essentially with material things. But Germans do not rise for such a cause, as 1848 and 1918 proved, for neither of these uprisings was a revolution. When, however, it is a matter of belief, then gigantic forces come to light in our people, forces of heaven and of hell, as during the Thirty Years' War. Then the nation wrestles with God like Jacob, groans under His blows, but will not let Him go until He has blessed it. Such a struggle has again arisen in Germany.

The French Revolution dethroned God and placed Reason on the throne. From that point a straight road led through the liberalism and Marxism of the nineteenth century to Russian Bolshevism. Mankind, obsessed with the delusion of the greatness of material technic, emancipated itself from the thought of God, but now we see the German nation rising against the forces of atheism. It is conscious of being filled with the Holy Ghost and believes it is called upon to restore the Kingdom of God to humanity. It has seized in battle the political strongholds of liberalistic and Marxistic atheism in its own land and it presents a fearless front to the hostile world around, which is inspired by the same forces of atheism. Whoever knows the German people and their strong religious faith knows that when religious matters are at stake they are immovable and would let themselves be hewn to bits before they would be faithless to their vision.

For decades all the atheistic forces of the world have united to tear out of the hearts of Germans their belief in God, and for a while it seemed as if they had succeeded. Under the rule of the Versailles system Germany presented the picture of a prolonged witches' Sabbath of mockery of all that is holy and godlike, and the nation was silent and its silence was assumed to be assent. But it was only the silence of a deep resentment that was gathering force, and now the people have risen and with one blow they have cast away the tormentors of their souls. The Third Reich was born of the protest against the world of Versailles, with its denial of God, a world which called itself the exponent of human reason but which struck in the face the laws of God's justice. To restore these laws to power is the inner purpose of the German Revolution. He who gives his adherence to this high purpose must keep his eyes fixed on the great whole and must not indulge in small-minded criticism if now and then, in the great, swelling symphony, a single false note is struck.

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A Mohammedan visitor to India interprets Gandhi's last two fasts as attempts to keep the Hindus and the Untouchables united against the Moslems.

The Jingo MAHATMA

By MOHAMMED ASAD

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

'I WAS born into a social class that always oppressed the so-called "Untouchables." My fast will accomplish what I could not accomplish while I took food and drink.' With these words Gandhi vindicated his intention of fasting for twenty-one days during the month of May in behalf of the Untouchables. The whole theme of the guilt of the father, which can be expiated only through the self-imposed suffering of a late-born son, is revealed in this decision of the Indian leader. The mystical motive of redemption here takes precedence over all practical considerations. And that may be the reason why Gandhi's decision has caused confusion and anxiety all over India, but has been rightly understood nowhere, quite unlike his fast last September, which evoked incredible enthusiasm among the Hindu masses of India.

The problem of 'untouchability' is as old as Indian culture itself. When the Aryan conquerors poured through the northwest mountain passes into the plains of India fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, they confronted a native population belonging to a different race and far superior in numbers, the Dravidians. Although the Aryans soon succeeded in conquering all of India, the danger remained that the thin layer of conquerors would be gradually engulfed by the Dravidian ocean. In order, therefore, to preserve their racial purity, the Indo-Aryans created the caste system, behind whose strict divisions they thought to entrench themselves for all eternity. The higher castes contained the conquerors, but the lower ones were reserved for the native Dravidian population. In the course of thousands of years, what was originally a social system became a religious one. Out of the three or four

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castes of early times grew a structure with countless divisions and subdivisions that forced the life of India into a rigid form such as is to be found among no other people.

It was not enough that the Indians were divided into a multiplicity of groups and units strictly cut off from each other. In addition to that, numerous elements of the population were ejected from the entire social structure for innumerable reasons—such, for instance, as the pursuit of certain despised callings or the overstepping of caste laws—and were compelled to live as 'the Casteless' or 'Untouchables,' far beneath the level of even the lowest caste. They were universally despised and permanently excluded from all the higher possibilities of life. The fundamental principle of Hindu belief, the doctrine of transmigration of souls, cloaked this cruelest of all social customs with a religious mantle. For, if it is not possible for an Untouchable ever to better his lot, he can console himself with the thought that his soul may be reborn into a higher caste in a later reincarnation.

The oldest religious writings of India, the Vedas and Upanishads, do not mention untouchability, for the Aryans brought this literature with them from their homes in Central Asia, where they did not need to isolate themselves from a native population of a different race. This fact is to-day aiding the Indian opponents of untouchability, who strip this monstrous social injustice of all its pseudo-religious habiliments and reveal the origin of untouchability as the attempt of a ruling class to keep the conquered population at a distance forever and to destroy any desire that the oppressed may have to rise in the world. Such a work of reform is naturally not simple, considering the predominantly conservative mental attitude of the Hindus. Enough time has elapsed since the principle of untouchability was introduced for post-Vedic interpretations to take root in Hindu theology.

Moreover, it is no longer possible to interpret the Vedas coherently. The chief difficulty lies in linguistic problems. The medium of the Vedas, as of all the later authoritative writings of Hinduism, is Sanskrit, the language of the Aryan conquerors of India at the time of the conquest. But recent researches have brought forward important arguments indicating that the language of the true Vedas comes from a pre-Sanskrit era, before the Aryan dialects of Central Asia had been consolidated into classic Sanskrit. Even the smallest traces of those dialects have to-day disappeared, and the arbitrary interpretation of the ancient speech forms of the Vedas along the lines of traditional Sanskrit must in many cases disorder and efface the original concepts. Thus it was possible in the course of fifteen hundred years for a flood of commentary to arise which retained very little of the spirit of the true Vedas, but which constituted the sole approach for the laity to the otherwise lost writings. Consecrated through time, these interpretations came to be considered as orthodox. It is against this kind of orthodoxy that Gandhi is fighting.

II

The opposition of orthodox Hindus can easily be understood. Untouchability is not limited to the lower,

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casteless groups; every caste is untouchable for higher castes. Marriage between the castes is impossible; indeed, an orthodox Hindu cannot even eat at the same table with a member of a caste lower than his own. In short, the principle of untouchability—the fear of becoming defiled through contact with a human being of a lower caste and the hope of being 'better born' in a later reincarnation—represents the basis of the Hindu conception of man and society. The disappearance of this psychological basis must sooner or later shatter and dissolve the entire caste system. The defenders of the orthodox conception are therefore justified when they tax Gandhi with attempting to destroy society, and, by the same token, Gandhi is not very consistent when he fights to maintain the traditional caste system but opposes untouchability.

In any event, the untouchability of the Casteless ('Pariahs,' as they are called in Europe, according to the custom of southern India) is such a ghastly, black injustice that the progress of India as a nation can begin only when it is abolished. In southern India, where the Brahman caste has up to now enjoyed uncontested social superiority, the condition of the Untouchables mocks description. Not only does bodily contact with them defile a caste Hindu; the very shadow of a Pariah can contaminate a Brahman.

But even in other parts of India, where the Untouchables are not treated so completely like dirty animals, they are strictly forbidden to enter temples, to use public wells and buildings, to attend public schools, and so on. Actually, the Untouchables do not stand, as is often assumed, on the lowest stage of the Hindu social structure but are quite outside that structure. They have not even a religion in common with the Hindus, for the temples are closed to them. When the Untouchables of India began in the last decade to understand this astounding condition and to draw practical conclusions from it, the problem instantly assumed prime political significance. For the leaders of the Untouchables began to ask, 'Is there, after all, any reason why we should consider ourselves part of Hindu society?'

When one realizes that the Untouchables in India are estimated at about fifty millions, one understands what a political loss the Hindus would suffer if these millions were deliberately to place themselves outside Hindu society. Apart from British rule, the problems of modern India can be reduced to a single formula—the antagonism between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. The fact that the country contains two powerful groups which, for psychological and historical reasons, are divided into hostile camps, is decisive.

The Mohammedans are in a minority, about 75 millions in a total population of 350 millions. But they have behind them the living tradition of a rule that lasted more than 700 years, beginning with the campaigns of that mighty sultan, Mahmud of Ghazni, and terminating as the result of British policy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. During all these centuries of power and fame, the Mohammedans were in a minority. Indeed, their ratio to the rest of the population used to be even more unfavorable than it is to-day. *Quod erat*

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demonstrandum—namely, that the vital power of the Mohammedans is many times superior to that of the Hindus. Of course, only a small fraction of the Mohammedan population of India is composed of the descendants of the Afghan, Turko-Tatar, and Arabian conquerors. Nine out of every ten are descendants of Indians who were converted to Islam. But here again history has proved that an individual's attitude toward life and his mode of living are of greater importance than his racial origin. For these Indian Mohammedans are even today so far superior to their cousins of the Hindu camp in virility, courage, and martial propensities that the fears which the Hindus feel of a possible repetition of Mohammedan rule seem justified.

Since the awakening of Indian nationalism in recent years, this fear has expressed itself in the ever more passionate claim that the Mohammedans are really foreigners in India and that the land belongs to the Hindus. Naturally, most responsible Hindu leaders do not share such views. But it may safely be assumed that the innate hostility of the Hindus to Islam as a religious and social principle is growing rapidly. As a result, the Mohammedans feel a strong and growing distrust of so-called Indian nationalism.

Such, in rough outline, is the relation of the two sections of the population to each other. At the present moment it is important to realize that if the fifty million Untouchables were to set themselves in political opposition to the Hindus the ratio of the Mohammedans to the Hindus would be radically altered. The present ratio of one to three and a half would become a ratio of one to three. Nor does the latter ratio include the fifty million Untouchables, who might under certain circumstances be provoked by the memories of thousands of years of oppression to side with the Mohammedans.

Thus the foreign observer gradually begins to understand that Gandhi's sudden devotion to the reform of untouchability may not spring wholly from a need to right past wrongs but from a desire to save Hindu society and to retain for it the support of a numerically important factor. For it has long been an open secret in India that Gandhi is not the national leader he was once believed to be, but that he is the clear-sighted protagonist of a certain religious and social group among the Indians, namely, the Hindus.

III

The connection between the Untouchables and the caste Hindus during thousands of years resembles the relation of a dog to its master—and not a pet dog but a despised and mistreated cur. Matters continued thus as long as the Untouchables remained in a fatalistic stupor and accepted their destiny as inevitable. But a new era of stimulating foreign influences and education awoke the Untouchables. They developed able leaders who succeeded, through a hard, upstream struggle against social prejudice, in acquiring an education and therewith the means to revolt against the frightful social injustice of untouchability. They are saying to the caste Hindus, 'If you want us to reckon ourselves as part of you, abolish untouchability, open up the

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temples to us, and give us free access to public wells, schools, and social institutions; in a word, treat us as human beings.' That is certainly not an unfair request, but the mental constitution of the overwhelming majority of Hindus makes a practical abolition of untouchability in the near future more than doubtful. Even though many Hindus who are nationally conscious have made this an essential point of their political programme, the attitude of the masses remains negative.

It is therefore not surprising that the Untouchables demand certain guarantees before identifying themselves unequivocably with the Hindus. This is particularly true of the so-called 'communal' question. For a number of years British policy has displayed a tendency to grant India, bit by bit, an ever-increasing degree of autonomy. Whether the final aim is to be the complete independence of India, as the Indian extremists demand, or only dominion status like that of Canada or Australia, as responsible British statesmen aver, is not the question here. Unquestionably, the Indians will soon begin to exercise a greater influence on the destiny of their land. A new constitution on a parliamentary basis is being prepared and the electoral question is being hotly discussed.

There is no question yet of a single election for the different social and religious groups of India, the 'communes,' for that would mean that the minorities, headed by the Mohammedans, would have no chance of gaining a number of parliamentary representatives corresponding to their proportion of the population; they would be at the mercy of the major ity. Hence the minorities demand a separate organization for each commune (the Indian communes are exclusively religious, social, and national units—for example, the Mohammedans, the Hindus, the Anglo-Indians, and so on), the idea being to reserve a certain portion of the seats in the national assembly for each group. The electoral struggle would then take place exclusively within the communes, not between them, and each group would be able to send its best and most trustworthy candidates to parliament. In a certain sense this system is related to the European idea of the class parliament, except that in India religious groups take the place of classes.

At first the Untouchables were ready to vote with the Hindu group in the elections provided the Hindus would reserve them a fixed percentage of their parliamentary seats. This demand was thoroughly justified. For since the Untouchables are far behind the caste Hindus in respect to educational and economic status, the danger existed that they would be pushed completely into the background in every electoral district. The experience of thousands of years of oppression has taught the Untouchables not to rely on the altruism of the caste Hindus. Strangely enough, Gandhi, who up to that time had almost always been in favor of the Untouchables, would not accede to their just demand. The Untouchables then did the only thing possible. They openly demanded that they be recognized as a commune separate from the Hindus and claimed the same rights that had been granted to the other minorities.

But, despite lengthy negotiations,

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the Indian communes could not agree as to the number of seats to be assigned to the separate groups in parliament. Some demanded too much, others offered too little. The British Government had long before declared that it would have to decide this question by arbitration if the parties could not come to a decision among themselves. And when, in the late summer, the intercommunal negotiations bore no fruit, the British Prime Minister issued a decree in which he assigned seats in the future national assembly to each of the communes on a percentage basis. At the same time, the Government let it be known that it stood ready to revise this division in case the parties of India should finally agree on a new formula. The Untouchables were treated as a separate commune in this decree and were formally put on an equal footing with the other minorities. A breath of relief rose from the downtrodden masses and at the same time a cry of frantic indignation went up from the caste Hindus, whose commune was reduced by fifty millions.

IV

At this time Gandhi was in prison as a result of his campaign of civil disobedience and had abstained from all political activity for a number of months. But when MacDonald's decree was published he did something unexpected. He announced that he would fast until he died if the Untouchables continued to consider themselves a commune apart from the Hindus. This declaration on the part of the man who had stood as a champion of the rights of these mistreated classes was paradoxical.

But Gandhi could always claim that the welfare and salvation of the Untouchables could be achieved only within the framework of the Hindu social structure. And he hastened to add that he was now ready to reserve a given number of seats for the Untouchables if they would return to the bosom of the Hindu commune. He had apparently quite forgotten that it was his original refusal of this point which had compelled the leader of the Untouchables to announce the secession of his own group from the Hindus. But we must do Gandhi justice. His appeal was not only to the Untouchables, to profess themselves Hindus again, but also to the caste Hindus, to abolish untouchability as such once and for all and to make restitution for the social injustice of past times.

The extraordinary effect of this declaration showed how Gandhi is venerated by most Hindus. The thought that their leader might really fast until he died—and Gandhi left no doubt in any one's mind that he meant what he said—whipped all the political groups and sects among the Hindus into immediate action. Leaders from all parts of India hastened to confer. Public opinion worked in Gandhi's favor. Temples were opened to the Untouchables for the first time in India's history. Scenes of fraternization took place everywhere. High-caste Hindus organized banquets for the Pariahs. India was intoxicated. The leaders of the Untouchables were forced by the pressure of public opinion to give way, although in their heart of hearts they perhaps did not place much trust in this frenzy of enthusiasm of the Hindus.

After a few days of negotiation within the prison walls behind which

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Gandhi sat, a pact was signed in Poona with the representatives of the Untouchables, who agreed to give up their public opposition as a non-Hindu minority and to vote as Hindus in future elections. In return they received the reservation of seats that they had demanded and the assurance that the Hindus would do all they could to abolish untouchability, at least in a practical sense,—that is to say, in respect to the use of temples and other public institutions,—in as short a time as possible. This pact was telegraphed to the British Government, which, according to its promise, canceled the part of the decree in question and assigned the seats that had been granted to the Untouchables to the Hindu commune. Thereupon Gandhi broke his fast, since he had achieved his aim. The unity of Hinduism was saved.

As many of the Untouchable leaders had feared, the enthusiasm of the Hindus proved short-lived. To be sure, the reservation of seats in future parliaments remained a fact. Not so, however, the other side of the Poona pact, namely the practical abolition of untouchability. A basic change of this sort cannot be brought about in the twinkling of an eye. The Untouchables will have to resign themselves to being treated like dirty animals by the caste Hindus for a long time to come, and the friendly treatment of their leaders in the Hindu conferences can do little to alter this fact. It may be that when they realize this a deeper, more conscious bitterness will grow in the hearts of these despised masses, and they will understand that the Untouchables can never have a place in the structure of the Hindu caste system and the Hindu philosophy.

Once again Gandhi has fasted twenty-one days without a break, but this time his fast was not founded on practical considerations as it was last September, when he was not only persuading the Untouchables to remain in the Hindu 'family' but was also trying to compel the orthodox Hindus to abolish untouchability. The second half of his attempt seems now to have failed. Gandhi said, 'I was born into a social class that always oppressed the so-called "Untouchables." My fast will accomplish what I could not accomplish while I took food and drink.' It seems, however, more likely that the Untouchables will again be compelled to wait patiently for the bells of the future to ring out their redemption.

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'What is happening in the world?' asks the foremost critic in Spain and turns to the field of modern art as the most accurate representation of our times.

WHAT Goes On?

By José Ortega y Gasset

Translated from *El Sol*
Madrid Republican Daily

THE question, 'What is happening in the world?,' is one that we ask ourselves, and those who do not ask it discover that it is repeated, even though they refuse to hear it, by a strange personage that they carry within themselves and that speaks with a small, monotonous, restless, impertinent voice. This is no metaphor but a fact, something that exists. It is undeniable—and contemporary philosophy has not dared deny it—that man bears within him a voice which comes to him from a mysterious zone of being, from the beyond, as it has been graphically described.

There have been periods that recognized the authenticity of these voices as giving expression to a world that belongs to one's self alone—an inner world or life that orders and compels man to be true to his ultimate destiny. The voice of conscience is of the same order. One could speak at length of these voices from within, of this spiritual ventriloquism that we do not hear with our ears but that rises from the depths of our being. This, however, is not my subject; let us put it aside. I wish only to make this much plain: that something in us, yet something beyond us, is continually asking, 'What is happening in the world?' It is not a trivial matter of simple curiosity, because curiosity is something that arises from the periphery of our world of consciousness. One is curious only about things that do not matter.

Let us look at this question from another angle. Obviously, we should not have asked ourselves anything if we had not somehow heard that strange things seemed to be occurring. This seems paradoxical, for instead of answering the question, 'What is happening?,' we ask ourselves, 'What is it that is happening?' It is like a noise heard from the street when we

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are shut in a room, a noise that makes us say that something is happening, although we don't know what it is. We ought to think that nothing is happening and that it is merely noise, nothing more. But no, we cannot be content until we know why this noise is produced. And it is precisely this that is taking place to-day. From out there in the world events of unknown significance, great rumblings, come to disturb us. One might say that Europe resounds to the thunder of great blows, and it would be absurd to ignore the anxiety that all civilized men feel about the future. Some confess it, others conceal it; but everyone feels it—old and young, those who are apparently the victors and those who appear to be defeated. Everything before our eyes seems to be in hieroglyphics. Everything seems to have a hidden meaning that must be sought out and deciphered.

At the present time man is condemned to decipher these daily conundrums. When the Book of History begins to be crowded with new happenings, different from those that have occurred before, one begins to suspect that underneath are certain currents, a reality that is unknown to us. And it is this alone that troubles us; this is the sole cause of our uneasiness. We have here the reason why the causes of events that occur on the surface must be sought in the depths below if one wishes to understand their most important whys and wherefores; we must not be satisfied until we have dived down and seen what lies at the bottom.

I am not going to answer the question, 'What is happening in the world?,' for the two hours that I shall devote to you would not be sufficient, nor would my state of physical exhaustion, caused by a recent illness, permit me to do so. Instead, let us simply take a look into that great kitchen where the future of the world is cooking.

In the course of our hasty investigation we must first define a little more precisely those facts whose sudden emergence has made us suspect that something is taking place. Then, having studied the general character of these facts, we must see from what vital substance they are emanating and what human situation has given birth to them. We must see if this situation was created because man found himself in a predetermined position. For man is made of situations as a book is made of pages or matter is made of atoms, and history is a succession of situations in which man finds himself.

II

Let us, then, trace these strange and systematic events back to the situations of man in the world. But, gentlemen, whenever one speaks of human life one must take chronology into account, and we shall soon see why.

The first events occurred in 1919. The War had hardly ended when certain things happened. First came a youthful art that called itself cubism and two dozen other names, for this art of youth did nothing more than create programmes. In fact, it amounted to nothing more than a succession of programmes, all of which had in common an absolute break with the past, an end to continuity. Secondly, in the same year, there occurred the frenzied spread of sport, which finally prevailed even in countries that were naturally intractable to it, and, along with sport, came the European's

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preoccupation with his physical body. The era of body worship had begun. Then one noticed that youth began to awake and to resent having to respect other ages. It is what I have called the rebellion of youth. Communist and Fascist movements appeared in the European panorama, movements that seem to be opposites, but that flirt with each other as if they perceived flowing beneath them in a subterranean current a community of origin, style, manner—to be precise, of situations.

These phenomena are the oldest, having had a life span of about fifteen years. If others have appeared, knowledge of these first will facilitate our understanding of later developments. I should like to make clear that this analysis will merely emphasize the features of those events that strike us as being new, strange, and out of the ordinary precisely because they are symptoms of this new reality.

Of them all, the art of youth has the most significance in the European scene. For the first time, the word 'youth,' which previously had had no value on the market, acquired an independent character. It was the first warning that something had happened. Because, when the horizon is about to change, the æsthetic sense is the first to become aware of it. The same thing happened in the Renaissance, which produced the art that preceded the religious and political transformation of Europe.

Art is becoming a field without responsibility—which is quite natural. Whenever anyone has wished to define art, at one time or another, he has compared it to play, and, though this is an error, it has been repeated so many times that it seems to contain a profound meaning, an element of truth. Sorrow is not the image of sorrow, it is a sorrowful reality; but art does not possess this character of reality. Thus, mistakes in politics or in economics are serious matters, but not so in art, and for that reason, when man is about to change his way of living, the first thing that he changes is his art.

In 1922 nobody surrendered to youth; no one paid any attention to youthful art except to make fun of it. When, for instance, I wrote a book on the subject, it was greeted with disapproval by the public, who did not realize that I was making an analysis in the same way that a doctor examines a patient's blood for symptoms of a pathological condition. And by what was this period distinguished? By an absolute break with the past. The artist burned his ships so that he would not have to return. He felt a strange disgust and repugnance for the art of that time, that is to say, for the art that antedated him, and a morbid liking for what had not been considered art, for primitive art, for the art that has grown into art—the fœtus of art. And primitive art was applauded as a reaction against an artistic past that had become unbearable.

III

This break with the artistic solidarity of the past is the most important of the events we are discussing, and we can now see that my presentiment that it signified a deeper change was justified. My conjectures were realized—conjectures or predictions that were very simple. Only sincerity enables one to see if the events that affect public opinion affect one's self

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in precisely the same way, for it is undeniable that underneath particular interests, sentiments, and political, moral, or religious beliefs man feels stirrings in the subsoil of his conscience. Even the most rabid enthusiast, in spite of what he may think of politics, let us say, in spite of his most intimate convictions, sees that what happens is what must happen.

The reactionaries of the last century knew, in the face of their own beliefs, that liberal democracy and rationalism were true for their time. And that is the point I am coming to—the truth of the time. For there is a truth of the time that underlies everything and that is more decisive than our individual opinions. Just as in nature there are two strata, the subsoil and the surface soil, so in ourselves we think both for our own personalities and for our time. In certain epochs man is fixed in certain beliefs and can embellish them with all the arabesques of his private opinions; but if those arabesques bear no relation to the trend of his time, then all is lost, and life becomes falsified.

I wish to be clear. Perhaps I can be. To have political opinions is to set aside private opinions and convictions derived from books and to seek the truth of our time. Rather than say, 'What am I thinking?' I should say, 'What ought I to think?' In appearance we enjoy complete freedom to think politically; yet if we do not try to understand the political truth of our time we shall be forced to understand it. It is not that I must think in black or white; on the contrary, I do not believe that I am thinking politically at all yet at every instant I am searching for this truth of our time.

And that is what I am doing, gentlemen, and he who wishes to live a sincere life must do likewise. One must divine the future, for it does not come from the air, but is a product of subtle reality.

Some epochs produce a general falsification of the life of man. Perhaps these last fifteen years have been such a time, perhaps not—I shall not say, because I merely wish to display the events, to show that our incorruptible depths no longer felt any solidarity with certain things of the past. And this is what produced the art of youth.

Never had so much money been spent on art as between 1890 and 1914. And then, with a rebound, this love of art suddenly disappeared. Nearly ten years ago I wrote an article entitled 'Artistic Apathy' that displeased those who are forever out of step with their artistic times. In it I said: 'There can be no hatred of art unless there is also hatred of science, of political tradition, of the state itself. It is like the *odio profesionis* that attacks the monk after a long life in the cloister and that is a hatred of rules, of knowledge, of religion itself.'

IV

Between 1917 and 1932 man lived in certain situations which, obviously, have begun to disappear. All signs indicate that in 1932 the art of youth gave its last flicker of life. In my opinion, these fifteen years hold the secret of Europe's future, chiefly with regard to the negativeness, the artistic sabotage, of the art of youth. Curiously enough, neither the young artists nor their public were interested in the reasonable elements in this youthful art. Instead, they were interested in

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its capriciousness and its rebellion against art itself. When a generation of young artists believes that art is based on caprice it really believes that one can do as one pleases with art, and we can now detect a certain parallel between this attitude and what took place in other fields.

We had the same thing in sport. In the past we often neglected our personality in order to occupy ourselves with spiritual things, but never before did we neglect it for the sake of what I call corporalism, which is an exaggerated form of nudism. In Europe, pictures and statues had existed in the nude, but not man, and that is why it was surprising to see the European pretend to be Adam in Eden. Art, likewise, became infantile, we all became infantile, and for years we were completely infantile in our actions. On the other hand, the generation between eighteen and twenty years old to-day is less given to the cult of the body than the previous generation.

The young artist who spilled corrosive acid on art seized this opportunity to destroy it and demanded to be paid for his destruction, if not in coin, at least in flattery and attention from his circle. As I said, this sabotager of art took advantage of the moment. Furthermore dadaists, cubists, and *surrealistes* were a product of the interest in art, and when this interest faded away, art vanished, too.

The same thing happened to the youths who took sun baths, who had enjoyed an enviable situation that they had not created themselves. We were already in the midst of a crisis of ideas, scientific, political, and so on, but we never dreamed that there would be an economic crisis too, for we thought that an apparatus had been invented in the United States to resist the periodic crises that attack economy. It was the inflation era, and a generation of heirs lived off their substance and spent it cheerfully.

In 1929 the great economic crisis began. First we believed it to be a brief, episodic phenomenon; but when, in 1930, we saw that it was serious, frowns appeared; youthful art and the sport craze evaporated through worry; fads were resented. The truth of the matter is that man has lost his peace of mind and present-day phenomena, occurring after years of prosperity and security, have so disturbed the European that he finally is forced to repeat, 'What is happening in the world?'

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Persons and Personages

The New Academician, François Mauriac

By André Rousseaux

Translated from *Le Figaro*, Paris Nationalist Daily

A TRIUMPHANT election to the Academy, such as candidates of strictly literary merits rarely experience, has just crowned the still recent fame of François Mauriac. That is as it should be. Already, on attaining maturity, he is one of our foremost writers. But he also occupies a place apart in our era, for he is not only eminent but representative. Present-day literary France recognizes in him an anxious prince who has communicated his devouring uneasiness and who has above all endeavored to resolve his internal conflicts with a touching human victory. His affecting work partakes at the same time of the troubled atmosphere in which a world in danger of perdition to-day struggles and of the light that a happy genius sheds on the aberrations of man in order to reduce them to health.

He is one of our foremost writers, for in his case the supposed antinomy between life and art is specially absurd. He is among those who put their life's blood into their art. Mauriac's prose, wholly natural, palpitating, charged as it were with physical substance, is a portion of his flesh that he has given us. A page of Mauriac is a flow of words in which the total expression of a human being has been vividly embodied. Not since Barrès's time has any writing corresponded more closely to the beatings of a heart and the movements of a soul than that ardent and pure speech —pure with the vibrant purity in which the air we breathe envelops all things.

Such art—and I am not thinking only of the isolated beauty of a phrase or page but of the composition, likewise so natural, which makes every book of Mauriac's a compact fruit, visibly perfect in its plenitude from the moment it was conceived—such art is revelatory of an order that cannot be reduced to æsthetic laws, a profound and classic order in the full meaning of that great word.

François Mauriac has burned with the intellectual and moral fevers of our epoch as much as others and more. He, too, has been tormented by the giddy desire of enriching the personality that M. André Gide instilled in the hearts of his disciples by teaching them the art of not choosing. He has been overwhelmed by the idea of love and by the agonizing fact that man cannot embrace the disturbing complexity of

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love without running the risk of losing himself in it. He has been eager to know all human truth.

FOLLOWING this path, he might have gone very far toward those fatal dissolutions to which people finally succumb who place the truth of man in the infiniteness of his misery. His faith has saved him. It is part of the good fortune of the Christian that he does not separate the truth of man from his unity and grandeur. It is because he is a Catholic that Mauriac is the classicist we have just called him. The greatest French classicists are perhaps of this variety, commencing with Racine, whose life and work Mauriac has studied closely. They are the men who can descend to the depths of the regions dominated by our lower forces because they know that they can retain their hold on the higher forces that give our life its value.

Catholicism can be represented otherwise in literary art. It can inspire philosophers, orators, preachers, exegetists, polemics, apostles. I do not know whether it has ever manifested itself in a more vital way than in the novelist, François Mauriac. Here we see it achieving the redintegration of a personality.

Think of the disoriented humanity that fills the most striking modern novels, a too faithful image, alas, of the humanity of to-day. Mauriac certainly does not fail to recognize this disorder. He enters into it with all his quivering sensibility. He espouses its distress with the ardent friendship and the instinctive comprehension that the heart of a novelist reserves for the most pitiable secrets of the soul. Contemporary psychology—or should we not rather say psychopathology?—has no more inspired practitioner. But, unlike so many others, this practitioner does not lose himself in the object of his disturbing researches. However far he may go in considering the disorder in which a human being is floundering, he surmounts that internal disunion. He dominates it, and not after the event. For it is during the very moment when he grasps the essence of the movements by which our nature disintegrates that he indicates or at least understands the spirit that restores man to the proper order of his being. He depicts the very rhythm of man, the rhythm that reconciles the most lowly pulsations of our life in accordance with the law that confers on man a unique nobility.

Herein lies the greatness of Mauriac's talent. He experiences intensely the condition of human life. He realizes its miraculous equilibrium from within, in the manner of Pascal or Baudelaire. Everything that he expresses acquires a richer quality, a more vibrant resonance simply from the fact that it considers man's chances of cohesion or destruction from an internal point of view. He has thus been able to strip himself of the æstheticism toward which he willingly inclined at the start and which

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is scarcely to be avoided by those who study the human compound from without.

Literary art, taken in this sense, is a flame that consumes the heart of man in order to draw a masterpiece from it, just as fire, in certain plastic arts, makes a masterpiece of modeled earth—a masterpiece in every sense, from the point of view of art and from the point of view of Catholic doctrine. 'There is nothing in me but literature,' wailed the Child loaded with chains. But that is no longer a subject of complaint when literature corresponds with such fruitful violence to the drama of life.

The Rise of Mr. Rea

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai American-Owned Weekly

GEORGE BRONSON REA has landed another good job, this time as general representative of Japan's puppet state of Manchukuo in the United States. Which is not so bad for a sixty-three-year-old editor in these times of depression. But landing good political jobs all over the Far Eastern map has become a habit with Rea since he forsook engineering for journalism during the Spanish-American War. According to latest reports from Tokyo, the Japanese Government has decided to recommend Rea as Manchukuo's special representative in the United States, this action being taken because Rea happens to be an American citizen, hence can serve in this capacity, whereas Manchukuo, not being recognized, is in consequence barred from having a representative of its own blood, whatever that might be—Manchu, Mongol, Tatar, Japanese, or what not.

Rea started in life by being born in Brooklyn on August 28, 1870. He was educated by private tutors and took up the profession of engineering, which, according to the reports, took him to Cuba, where he acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language while assembling a sugar factory. Then the Spanish-American War broke out, and, since Spanish-speaking Americans were few and far between in those days, Rea got a job as correspondent for the old *New York Herald*, later switching to the *World*. With Cuba liberated from Spanish oppression, Rea betook himself to the Philippines, where certain American sugar interests were also casting covetous eyes. Although a comparatively new arrival in the Philippine archipelago, he was sent to Washington as a sugar-tariff expert by the P. I. Government. In the meantime Mr. Rea had embarked in journalism by starting the *Far Eastern Review*, a journal devoted to engineering, but with politics as an important side line.

But Rea shortly found the Philippines too limited for his activities, so six years later he transferred himself to China, along with his magazine,

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and became a technical secretary connected with the Chinese National Railway Corporation, which was formed by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen when Dr. Sun was first Provisional President of the newly formed Chinese Republic. In 1914, the year of the outbreak of the World War, Mr. Rea was an adviser to the Chinese Ministry of Communications, in which capacity he was awarded a prize for designing a new railway system for China. But things were too quiet in the Far East, so Rea betook himself to Washington and joined up as a captain in the Military Intelligence Division, attached to G. H. Q. at Chaumont. Later he went to Spain as assistant military attaché. But international politics were stirring at Paris, so Rea transferred back to his Chinese connections and became technical secretary to the Chinese Industrial Commission, which was sent to the Versailles Conference by the then communications minister, Yeh Kung-cho. All during this period Rea's organ, the *Far Eastern Review*, was conducting a noisy campaign against Japanese aggression in China.

BUT something happened at the Paris Conference. What it was has never been explained, but Rea got into a row with the Chinese delegates that caused the Chinese to discontinue his services. Rea put on his hat, walked across the street, and joined the Japanese delegation. His *Far Eastern Review*, which had been attacking the Japanese for their aggressions in Shantung and Manchuria, suddenly switched over to the Japanese point of view and in the next issue started lambasting the Chinese in equally violent language. Since that time, Mr. Rea has remained with the Japanese, and an inspection of the files of his paper since 1918 shows that all of the adjectives that he formerly used against the Japanese were revamped and used all over again against the Chinese.

Then came the Japanese intervention at Mukden in the fall of 1931 and shortly afterward Mr. Rea packed his bag and went to Manchukuo. Due to long experience, he knew exactly where to go, so it was Changchun this time, his arrival being almost simultaneous with that of Henry Pu-yi, the Manchu boy emperor. Fresh trouble for both Japan and Manchukuo was brewing at Geneva, so to Geneva went Rea with a commission as American counselor for the puppet state, his appointment being recommended by the Japanese Government, which reserves to itself the right to nominate advisers to the Manchukuo state. For his services Rea received a salary of 15,000 gold dollars a year, plus expenses, which, as stated in the foregoing, is not so bad in these days and weeks and months and years of depression. And now, to complete the story, we have it officially from Tokyo that George Bronson Rea is to be sent by Manchukuo to the United States as 'general representative.'

As for the *Far Eastern Review*, it does n't seem to have suffered be-

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cause of its proprietor's political peregrinations. The latest number (April) contains some forty pages of advertising, of which twenty-six were placed by Japanese firms or semiofficial Japanese organs. American firms have only five advertisements in the entire issue, while the Chinese have none at all, the remainder of the advertisements being chiefly by British firms. Some time ago the Chinese Government banned the paper from circulation through the Chinese Post Office, alleging that the magazine was used for the dissemination of Japanese propaganda. Several years ago the Nanking Government tried to deport from China the then associate editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, George E. Sokolsky, on the ground that his writings were detrimental to China. But the Chinese authorities were unsuccessful in this regard, for John Van Antwerp MacMurray, the American minister at the time, refused to heed the Chinese request.

President Alcalá Zamora of Spain

By H. V. Morton

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

I RECEIVED an official card to say that the President of Spain would receive me at the old Royal Palace at noon. I rang up the Department of State to ask whether I should wear a top hat, and a rather regretful voice said 'No.' The President is very informal. This pleased me, because I might have been obliged to hire what would probably have been a royalist top hat.

When I arrived at the palace I was shown into a huge room, the presidential antechamber. It is, rather ironically, the very room from whose French windows ex-King Alfonso stepped into the gardens where, on the night the Spanish Republic was proclaimed, a car was ready to take him into exile.

Crystal candelabra hung from painted ceilings. Gold chairs of French origin upholstered in pink silk stood about in unfriendly attitudes. Gaudy clocks, for which all kings of the Land of Mañana seem to have possessed a peculiar and unexplained passion, occupied every point of vantage, but all dead to time, put out of action, presumably, by the mischievous bronze cupids who climbed over them.

The only sign that I was near the head of the Republic was a door at the far end of the room, outside which stood a statuesque young man over six feet high, in a blue tunic, white breeches, and black Life Guards' boots and spurs, a sword at his thigh and a plumed helmet under his right arm. He never moved. Secretaries brushed past him as if he were a

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piece of furniture. Nervous visitors almost used his helmet as a mirror as they straightened their ties, coughed, and crept into the presence with that deference which the president of no matter how democratic a state inspires in the minds of his callers.

While I sat waiting on a Louis XIV chair, I reflected that I was about to see one of the most interesting men in modern Spain. Señor Alcalá Zamora, first President of Spain's second Republic, is fifty-six years of age. He is an Andalusian, which is rather like saying that a man is an Irishman, for the Andalusian characteristics are humor, laziness, charm of speech, charm of manner, and unpunctuality. The Andalusian is the Gael of Spain.

The man who is now President of Spain was an ordinary lad in the village of Priego, the son of small landowners, and at the age of seventeen he passed into the University of Granada, with the ambition to become a doctor. No one had any idea that he was destined to amputate the monarchy. He passed on to Madrid, where he lived on three pesetas a day, about 1*s.* 6*d.*, until he took his degrees with distinction, and then, casting aside his medical knowledge, became a civil servant. His salary was £7 a month.

Then his Spanish blood became too strong for him. It has been well said that every Spaniard is a lawyer unless proved to the contrary. Young Zamora decided to try this overcrowded profession and, as it is a recognized tradition in Spain that as soon as you get a government job you start in private business for yourself, the future President found ample time to pass his examinations and eventually to practise at the Bar. Here his Andalusian eloquence won its way and he became one of the foremost advocates in Spain. Then, like many successful barristers, he became a politician. It is a curious—perhaps dramatic is the right word—fact that Zamora's teacher in politics was Count Romanones, the leader who, in April 1931, was sent by the King to see his former pupil and to beg for terms, an interview that ended in the departure of Alfonso from his country.

However, the future President did not at first shine in politics. It is true that he became a cabinet minister, but that is no sign of brilliance in Spain—or in Britain. It was not until Primo de Rivera became dictator that Zamora developed. This régime let loose a fine fury in him. He ceased to be a Liberal: he became a Republican, and he became a Republican in no half-hearted way, but with all the fire of his southern blood.

He brought the same magnetic oratory to his new faith that Mr. Lloyd George has brought to many causes. Zamora began to count. His was the brain behind the premature revolution of 1930, which was nipped in the bud by the monarchists. The future President was flung into prison.

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'I organized everything,' he cried to his captors. 'I must pay the penalty.' But his capture only increased his fame. Crowds flocked to the prison to cheer him. His almost mystical faith in the democracy of Spain seemed to spread through the country. To have punished this popular idol would have been to bring the monarchy crashing about the ears of Alfonso. Instead, the King adroitly released him and tried to make terms with him.

So on that fateful April night in 1931 Zamora faced his old friend and teacher, Count Romanones, and listened while the royal messenger pleaded for a few days' truce. 'Don Alfonso must leave Madrid before nightfall,' was Zamora's answer, 'or we cannot answer for his personal safety.' In a few hours the King of Spain was on his way to exile and Alcalá Zamora was telling the shouting crowds that Spain was a republic.

THE door of the President's room opened. A general in a khaki uniform, with a row of medals on his tunic and a sheaf of papers in his hand, came over to me, clicked his heels, and said that the President was waiting.

I was shown into a vast pink room. One or two very good pictures were on the walls—Tiepolos I should think. There was a big desk, a few chairs, and an immense prairie of carpet on which a man in a blue lounge suit was walking up and down with his hands behind his back. The general read out my name and disappeared. The man in the blue suit came quickly over to me, shook hands, and led me to a gold and pink settee. The President could speak no English and I could speak no Spanish, but an interpreter was found. So we embarked on that most unsatisfactory of all forms of communication.

The President told me that he often reads the *Daily Herald*. He has taught himself to read and write English but he cannot pronounce it. His three daughters, to whom he is devoted, also read foreign languages and prepare every morning a résumé of European news items for their busy father. I was interested to hear the President mention his daughters because these young women have achieved great popularity in Spain by their refusal to live in the royal palace. That is why President Zamora, although offered the ex-king's palace as an official home, declined it, using only one suite as a business office.

While the talk pursued its triangular course I studied Spain's President; a smiling, vivid man, growing slightly stout under his waistcoat, a man with eloquent, idealistic dark eyes that would make the fortune of a film hero and a brown, southern skin accentuated by the whiteness of his hair and moustache. Affability and kindness describe President Zamora. His manner is the antithesis of Mussolini's. When you meet

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Mussolini you know yourself to be in the presence of a man who protects himself by a manner as men once protected themselves with armor. But power has not changed President Zamora. He turns to his visitors exactly the same bland, kindly smile that in other days he turned to his legal clients. His manner is, in fact, that of a successful lawyer, and as his dark eyes gaze at you it is easy to forget that there is something acutely shrewd and quick behind them, and you feel that with a little encouragement you might begin to tell him all your troubles.

President Zamora is the man beloved of all democracies; he does not 'put on any side.' There is something transparently sincere about him, so that you can imagine him refusing to compromise with the monarchists. There is something obviously simple and unselfish about him, so that you can imagine him handing back to the state, as he has recently done, £12,000 of his official salary of £56,000.

I was interested to learn that under Spain's new Constitution any Spaniard over forty years of age can become president of the Republic, with the exception of generals, churchmen, or members of any ruling house. He must be elected by the Cortes, or Parliament, and an electoral college of 'umpires' chosen by popular vote and equal in number to the membership of the Parliament. Owing to the sudden arrival of the Republic and the need for swift action, an exception was made in the election of President Zamora. There was no time to vote for and assemble the college of umpires, and he was accordingly elected by a parliamentary vote of 362 out of 410.

The President discussed at length the change in the Constitution of Spain, the need for the education of the masses, and the responsibility of the newly enfranchised women. Although a devout Catholic—he attends mass before he goes to the palace in the morning—he is opposed to the interference of the Church in politics. Although a Republican he is not a Socialist. But I have no intention of telling you what he said about the dangers that threaten the Republican Government, because a president is above politics and must not be quoted.

I must leave you with the picture of a smiling, dark man all alone in a vast gold and pink room in Don Alfonso's palace, a man in a blue suit whom you would pass by without a thought in the street. And as he shook hands and said good-bye, saying how dearly Spain valued the continuance of her friendship with Great Britain, I wondered how such a kindly, smiling man could have become such an inveterate foe of the ancient monarchy of Spain. Outside his door I passed the six-foot statue with the shining helmet, a touch of grandeur that the monarchy has handed on to the Republic.

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The editor of THE LIVING AGE uses the post-war literature of Germany, England, and France to suggest what the future holds for those three countries.

Portents *of* Literature

By THE EDITOR
of THE LIVING AGE

THE literature of a country, no less than its politics and economics, reflects the conditions in which its people live. Thus a recent number of *Le Crapouillot* turned to three French novelists for an adequate interpretation of modern France and elsewhere in this issue Señor Ortega y Gasset raises the question, 'What is happening in the world?,' by turning to the field of modern art. The political rulers of Germany are doing the same thing the other way around. Instead of seeking illumination from the imaginative writings and artistic expressions of their contemporaries, they have suppressed these writings and art works for reflecting aspects of German life that it is the business of the Third Reich to obliterate. Which is at least a compliment to the man of letters as a political force.

When a nation's writers concern themselves with economics and politics and when a nation's rulers return the compliment and concern themselves with the national literature, revolutionary changes are under way. For, just as 'Art for Art's Sake' marks a period of stability, so 'Art for Life's Sake' marks a period of instability. Descartes, Racine, and Molière reflected the stability of the France of Louis XIV just as Rousseau and Voltaire reflected the instability that produced the French Revolution. Alexander Pope and Oscar Wilde both wrote during periods of comparative stability in England; Byron and Shelley, on the other hand, expressed revolt against advancing industrialism, whose later abuses were recorded by Dickens. In America Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell wrote and talked against slavery, but when the Civil War and Reconstruction were over, Mark Twain could only satirize the Golden Age and earn a good living from a strong social order.

Whether the propagandist—liter-

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ary or otherwise—is the prime cause of social change or whether he merely reflects the changing surroundings in which he lives need not concern us here. Obviously Dickens could have written *Oliver Twist* only in nineteenth-century England, but it is perhaps equally certain that Dickens's descriptions of the abuses of nineteenth-century England hastened certain reforms. Not only does a connection exist between the literature and life of every period; that connection acquires special importance when the society producing a literature is itself undergoing rapid changes. Such a condition exists in several countries at the present time—indeed, those countries whose immediate future is most uncertain are precisely the ones whose literature speaks out most clearly in regard to matters that we do not commonly associate with the literary sphere. Let me, therefore, apply to the recent literature of several large nations the same method that Señor Ortega y Gasset applies to certain aspects of modern art.

To analyze the one hundred and forty-nine German books and authors referred to in our last issue as being blacklisted by the Nazi Government is to comprehend many of the tendencies in German life that Hitler would crush. But the high jinks of his propagandists, their bonfires and snake dances, have obliterated the significance of what they were doing. Perhaps the enlightened contemporaries of Galileo responded to his persecution with the same mixture of amusement and amazement that enlightened people feel to-day when they read about the raid on Einstein's house, but we need only recall the equally grotesque censorship of James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* in this country a dozen years ago to remember that even the most ludicrous suppression has its serious aspect and that Mr. John S. Sumner was struggling in all earnestness against an expression of the new American morality that has now replaced the Puritanism of a generation ago. If, then, the censorship of the innocuous Cabell possessed significance of a kind, how much more important is the suppression of almost every talented writer in post-war Germany. And how necessary it is to discover what were the causes of the present Government's hostility to their work.

II

A few outstanding cases will reveal most of the new trends in Germany that the Hitler movement has tried to kill. Remarque's two books, for instance, expressed revulsion against war and helped to spread pacifist sentiment. Their success indicates that they fell on fertile soil. Joseph Roth's *Job*, a book-club selection in the United States and a best seller in Germany, presented a Jewish character sympathetically, in part reflecting and in part encouraging a more tolerant attitude toward the Jews than had existed in Germany before the War. Feuchtwanger's *Success*—and it was a success in Germany as well as here—ridiculed Hitler personally, and, though it evidently did not express the sentiments of the majority of the nation on March 5 last, it did show that Hitler's popularity is hardly universal. Arnold Zweig's *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* not only ridiculed the military bureaucracy; it depicted a Russian, and a

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humble one at that, with the same kindliness with which Joseph Roth depicted a Jew. Here is indication of a conciliatory spirit toward the foreigner beyond one's frontiers as well as toward the stranger within one's gates. And perhaps even more important is the preference Zweig shows toward the lowly Grischa rather than toward the generals of high estate.

The blacklisting of such writers as Ludwig Renn and Ernst Glaeser hardly calls for explanation. Both men are Communists whose books have shown increasing sympathy with the proletarian revolution. Neither the election returns nor the sales of their recent works would seem to indicate, however, that Communism has much chance of sweeping Germany in the near future. The popularity of Heinrich Mann, a Socialist of long standing, is much more significant because he has always sympathized with the working class, whereas Renn and Glaeser owe most of their prestige to their two war books, *War* and *Class of 1902*, neither of which expressed the Communist convictions at which their authors later arrived.

But the career of Thomas Mann, Heinrich's brother, throws more light than that of any other man on the new currents in post-war Germany that Hitler has tried to block. In 1914 Thomas Mann, unlike his Socialist brother, signed a declaration along with many leading German intellectuals indorsing the Imperial Government's declaration of war. In other words, he stood squarely in the patriotic camp—he was 'sound' on the War. But by the time it was over he had begun to have doubts and was presently urging France and Germany to model their behavior on that of Switzerland, where Gauls and Teutons lived in harmony. He frequently visited Paris and lectured there on Franco-German understanding. In 1929 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for having written *The Magic Mountain*, which is generally regarded as the outstanding piece of truly 'European'—as opposed to 'national'—literature produced in the last ten years.

In 1930 Thomas Mann moved still further away from his pre-war position. Speaking before the International Rotary Club, he declared that the modern European writer stood between two fires—Fascism to the right and Socialism to the left. Refusing to move in either direction, he declared nevertheless that the fire to the right was 'more fierce and malignant than the fire to the left' and therefore that, if he had to choose, he would choose against Fascism: 'We have defended ourselves against the pressure of a socialistic activism in the name of our belief in art, but we become Socialists the moment æstheticism, stupidity, and evil claim us as their allies.' And he proved himself as good as his word when, on the eve of the March elections, he urged his fellow citizens to vote against Hitler. Here, I submit, is impressive evidence of the weakness of the present government's position. For Thomas Mann has never been a lone fighter for lost causes. He and the entire bandwagon of German literature have moved in the same direction.

Will Hitler's enormous mass following march as one man down one road while all of modern German literature marches down another? Which is the more powerful collection of aspirations, groups, and interests—those

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that triumphed in a single election victory or those that created—among other things—a new national literature within a brief fourteen years?

These questions are not wholly rhetorical. A year ago last June we published a political essay by August Thalheimer, one of the leaders of the Communist opposition in Germany, prophesying that Hindenburg's election to the presidency would lead directly to Fascism, although at the time Hitler's defeat at the hands of the old field marshal was generally regarded as a triumph for the Weimar Republic. But Thalheimer analyzed preceding elections and class rivalries in Germany and came to the conclusion that open Fascism might be expected at an early date. In the present essay I am taking a little longer view. Hitler has attained political power and the deadlock of a year ago is broken—for how long no one can say. Such an analysis as Thalheimer made last year is impossible now because the political struggle has been decided. But other tensions remain. Other deadlocks have yet to be broken. Thus even a brief analysis of the ideas that post-war German literature helped to spread leads to the conclusion that those ideas, rather than the ideas of Hitler, will ultimately triumph just as surely as the ideas of Rousseau and Voltaire finally prevailed in eighteenth-century France.

III

Even if England were to go the way of Germany and a British Hitler were to seize power to-morrow he would be hard put to it to draw up a book list of any kind—black or white. For in Germany the same forces produced both Hitler and his blacklisted books, whereas in England no new class with new aspirations like the German Social Democrats gained control of the state apparatus after the War and no established class suffered such poverty and humiliation as Hitler's petty-bourgeois supporters did. In other words, the fourteen years since the War have been a period of tension and change in Germany but a period of stability in England. And it is this stability that recent English literature reflects.

Take, to begin with, the development of the most promising British novelists of 1920—the men who were then being hailed as the successors to Shaw, Bennett, Wells, and Galsworthy. D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, and Somerset Maugham had all shown most of the qualities of the 'Big Four' whose places they were to fill, plus a new understanding of a new time. Had they not already produced such achievements as *Sons and Lovers*, *A Bed of Roses*, *Sinister Street*, *Nocturne*, *Round the Corner*, *Jeremy*, and *Of Human Bondage?* Yet only Lawrence fulfilled his early promise and he, like W. L. George, is dead. Gilbert Cannan has been laid low by illness. Swinnerton has become increasingly unreadable and unread. *Sinister Street* remains the only substantial achievement of Compton Mackenzie outside the field of light fiction, and *Of Human Bondage*, also an autobiographical novel, still stands as Maugham's single masterpiece, apart from his gratuitous destruction of the shreds of Hugh Walpole in *Cakes and Ale*. Yet these seven men all seemed so promising a dozen years ago. Did n't they have the fresh point of view and

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fresh technique that were needed to interpret and depict a new world? Certainly. But the new world never came into existence and their varied talents, with a single exception, ran to seed.

That exception was D. H. Lawrence, who is already assuming the proportions of a prophet. His career, therefore, may provide the same kind of clue to post-war England that the career of Thomas Mann provides to post-war Germany. First let us record two facts for whatever they may be worth: the most influential British writer of his generation came from a working-class home yet always shunned his origins after he had written *Sons and Lovers*. True, he despised other classes even more than his own, but his chief concern was personal redemption through love. If Lawrence's origins suggest that the British working class may have a still greater contribution to make to the national culture, his actual career indicates that the contribution is not yet ready. Remember that his German contemporaries, some of them proletarians, others members of the middle class, have acted quite differently. They have been advocating economic, political, and social changes so positively that they have been persecuted, jailed, and censored for their pains.

The character of Lawrence's 'message' would also seem to indicate that objective conditions in England may not have been ripe during his lifetime for such changes as have been in the air in Germany during the past fourteen years. Other literary evidence points in the same direction. We have seen that Lawrence alone of the generation that came of age before the War fulfilled his early promise. What about the generation that did not mature until the 'twenties? I am expressing, I know, a purely personal opinion when I declare that no English novel that has appeared in the past dozen years is more certain of a permanent place in the national literature than Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*. I base this opinion partly on the literary merits of the book but more on its value as a social document. And, even if posterity does not select it as the standard representation of middle-class British life after the War, I do not think that my contemporaries will quarrel with me if I use it as a text here.

Many critics have elaborated upon Mr. Huxley's sensitiveness, humor, and pessimism. Here we are merely considering him as a portent, a man whose entire work depicts the hypocrisy, deadlock, compromise, futility, and decay from which D. H. Lawrence tried to escape. The England that Huxley and Lawrence both hated may not have been so full of physical suffering as post-war Germany, but there was not a breath of change or hope in its air.

While Lawrence was preaching alternatives to the British way of life and while Huxley was recording every detail around him that touched his many-sided intelligence, other writers frankly chose the path of escape. The latest novels of Harold Nicolson, Michael Arlen, and even of Huxley himself all escape from the present to the future, and Norman Douglas, Walter De La Mare, David Garnett, and Virginia Woolf have sought escape in other directions. It is not my purpose to suggest that any of these novelists should have devoted their talents to different themes. I merely

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report for what it may be worth that they stand not only for escape but for those tendencies toward art for art's sake, technical subtlety, and neoclassicism that characterize a stable social order. Nor should I neglect to mention the London publishing house of Sheed and Ward, which has made a really phenomenal success with books of high literary quality by Roman Catholic authors in particular and by traditionalists in general.

IV

But a note of anxiety can be detected even in the literature of orthodoxy—the achievements of the Five-Year Plan seem to be attracting as much attention among the devout as the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas. Christopher Dawson, one of the most prolific and influential latter-day Thomists, interlards his quotations from the Greek philosophers and Christian mystics with scornful references to Marx and Lenin. But T. S. Eliot's *Criterion* has earned greater renown as the mouthpiece of Royalism in politics, Anglo-Catholicism in religion, and classicism in literature. For the better part of ten years it has encountered no consistent opposition until the recent conversion of J. Middleton Murry's *Adelphi* to literary Communism. And, if an unprejudiced reader could be found, I am inclined to believe that he would find the *Criterion* displaying the same unhappy combination of uneasiness and arrogance, of self-consciousness and smugness that characterizes the *Adelphi*. This is due partly to the fact that in both magazines critics of literature contribute articles on political and economic themes of which they are almost completely ignorant, but behind the incompetence of both parties there lies a real conflict. Reduced to essentials, Murry's Communism and Eliot's Royalism have nothing in common—least of all the literary good manners that both affect. One may doubt that the coming struggle for power of which John Strachey has written will be fought out in the columns of the *Adelphi* and the *Criterion*, but one cannot doubt that the lines of battle are being drawn in those two reviews more clearly than anywhere else. This is merely a straw that may not show which way the wind blows, but under the calm British firmament few evidences of impending storm can be descried.

Although recent British literature has been singularly quiet on the social, political, and economic fronts, there has been great activity in another sector. Since the death of Queen Victoria and with increasing vitality every year, the women of England have been shaking off their bustles, their papas, and even their husbands—if any. They have assaulted the domain of fiction in such force and numbers as to drive many male writers to the tall timbers of history and biography or to the cooling springs of verse. Consider, for instance, this formidable array of literary Amazons: Virginia Woolf, Rose Macaulay, Sylvia Thompson, May Sinclair, Rosamond Lehmann, G. B. Stern, V. Sackville-West, Clemence Dane, Stella Benson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Margaret Kennedy, Rebecca West, Edith Sitwell, Storm Jameson, H. H. Richardson, and the late Katherine Mansfield and Romer Wilson. Seventeen names. Count them. Then draw up if you can a list of seventeen male writers of the same

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generation—exclusive of Huxley and Lawrence—who equal these seventeen women in accomplishment, influence, and commercial success. And what other country, except perhaps the land of Edith Wharton and Willa Cather, can duplicate this performance? The simple fact that so many Englishwomen have made careers for themselves in literature is surely a portent of what Englishwomen may soon do in other fields.

If the contemporary British writers whom I have mentioned connote social stability, how much more definitely do those whom I have not mentioned connote the same thing. If the proletarian Lawrence despaired of even his own class, if the sensitive Huxley could discover nothing but futility, surely A. E. Housman's *Last Poems*, Lytton Strachey's biographies, and A. P. Herbert's *Water Gipsies* do not suggest that Armageddon is just around the corner. E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* made the keystone of the Empire seem almost as safe for King George as J. B. Priestley's middle-class home folks. The English countryside has lost none of its fascination in the novels of T. F. Powys, Eden Phillpotts, and other perpetuators of the Hardy tradition. The nature poets of the *London Mercury* still pipe the Wordsworthian woodnotes. Harold Nicolson's *Some People* hardly falls short of Max Beerbohm at his best. Francis Brett Young, W. B. Maxwell, J. D. Beresford, John Buchan, A. J. Cronin, Charles Morgan, and Warwick Deeping maintain the traditions of the second-rate British novel on a notably high level. But in so far as their books illuminate current economic and social conditions, they merely confirm by implication what the few novels that do cover such matters state explicitly.

Paul Cohen-Portheim, author of *England, the Unknown Isle*, made a similar point in an essay on England's post-war novelists, in our November 1932 issue. Describing the Englishman's desire for 'a world of fantasy into which he can escape,' he wrote: 'I believe that post-war English literature can best be characterized in a few words by saying that it expresses this widespread desire for a world of fantasy. It contains great talent, but none of it has been devoted to social description or to criticism. Posterity will not be able to visualize English society of the past twenty years from the novels of that period, for no such novels have been written.' Concerning the future, Cohen-Portheim emphasized the same connection between literature and life that I have been stressing here and argued that the flip young moderns of the 'twenties are about to go out of style:—

'The country is on the eve of a period of national reaction. The modern was cosmopolitan. To-day people are very consciously English and are shutting out foreign influences. Protective tariffs, Empire coöperation, and the National Government are the order of the day. Where the road leads nobody knows, but one feels that a new turn has been taken, and one feels this in literature, too.' Which perhaps leaves us at the same point we reached some paragraphs ago when we concluded that the only portent of disturbance on the British literary horizon was the Communist-Royalist tiff between the *Adelphi* and the *Criterion*. The present condition of Germany suggests that the dispute may become serious, since the kind of

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nationalism that Cohen-Portheim detects in England is usually accompanied by social strife.

V

Turning to France, I cannot do better than repeat the same observation that Cohen-Portheim made about England. For France, too, has had its wave of cosmopolitan fiction, more pronounced and more serious than the English equivalent. Paul Morand began the movement and soon came to personify the post-war Frenchman, speaking many languages, visiting many countries, adapting himself to many situations, seeing a new world with a new eye. Here is the way Morand himself described his purpose back in 1930: 'After the War a very curious and surprising kind of life began, a way of living that lasted until about 1925, when currencies were stabilized. It was a kind of life that is hardly likely to occur again and I wanted to write the history of this interesting period, to paint its picture. That is how *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit* came to be written. Unnoticed and against my own will I became a novelist. I bade diplomacy farewell—I never was a very good diplomat anyway, otherwise I should have remained in that profession—and from 1925 to 1930 I tried to write a chronicle of the twentieth century. That is how *La Vie parisienne*, *Lampes à arc*, *Bouddha vivant*, *Magie noire*, and *Champions du monde* came into existence. While I was collecting material in America for the last of these books, I wrote *New York*.' Three years later the twentieth century that Morand was trying to chronicle in Africa, Asia, the two Americas, and such outlying districts of Europe as the British Isles had vanished, and he has just returned to the profession at which he was 'never very good.'

But Morand was not the only French novelist during the 'twenties who helped create a new cosmopolitan literature for his country, thus reflecting—or, if you will, impelling—the expansionist policies of post-war France. A North African Negro won the Goncourt Prize for literature shortly after the War; another year it went to Henri Fauconnier for his book on Malaysia; another year, to Maurice Bedel for *The Latitude of Love*, a novel about Scandinavia. Thomas Raucat made a huge success with *The Honorable Picnic*, the scene of which was laid in Japan. *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars* by Maurice Dekobra and other potboilers with international settings sold by the hundred thousands. Jean Giraudoux in *Siegfried* and Maurice Rostand in *The Man I Killed* used the stage as a rostrum for preaching Franco-German understanding. André Maurois popularized Great Britain, following up his two Colonel Bramble books with lives of Shelley, Byron, and Disraeli. André Gide visited the Congo, though his report of conditions there did not meet with approval in official circles. André Siegfried wrote books about the United States, England, and South America with a grace that makes them contributions to literature as well as to economics. American prosperity became a topic of outstanding interest. A laborer called Dubreuil described the United States as the paradise of the workingman, but Georges Duhamel wrote *America: The Menace*. In short, the panorama of French litera-

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ture between 1920 and 1930 covered almost every country except France. It represented, furthermore, a new and serious interest based on new colonial policies, whereas England's cosmopolitan writers were merely seeking escape in foreign lands.

But within the past three years French literature has suddenly struck out in a different direction. In 1931 the Goncourt Academy awarded its annual fiction prize to *Mal d'amour* by Jean Fayard. Edmond Jaloux, writing in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, promptly remarked: 'We have reached an important turning point in our literary history. The years 1930–35 are going to be extremely important. . . . The Goncourt Academy has chosen this year a book representing the best tradition of the French novel, a tradition to which *Claire*, by M. Jacques Chardonne, and *Saint-Saturnin*, by Jean Schlumberger, also belong.' In 1932 more books of the same type appeared. Of Jacques de Lacretelle's *Les Hauts-Ponts* André Thérive said: 'This work definitely marks the end of modernism.' *Men of Good Will* by Jules Romains has received the highest praise of all. Not only is it a more ambitious piece of work than any French novel since Proust's masterpiece; it combines an epic scope with a new technique that its author calls 'unanimism.' And, finally, there is Céline's *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, which strikes out into entirely new ground in respect to both subject-matter and style. Morand and others of his generation enlivened their books with frequent slang expressions, but Céline writes the language of the gutter. He is the first French novelist to produce what can fairly be called a work of proletarian literature and is himself a doctor who works among the poor people of Paris, whose life he describes.

Voyage au bout de la nuit might be regarded as a pure freak if three distinguished French writers of the older generation had not already declared their sympathy with Communism—Romain Rolland, André Gide, and Henri Barbusse. Jean-Richard Bloch, more a Trotskiite than a Stalinite, also has revolutionary convictions, and André Thérive's 'populism,' like Romains's 'unanimism,' indicates that even writers with middle-class backgrounds are turning to new literary forms. In other words, the same struggle whose lines are just beginning to appear in England has advanced a stage further in France. But the recent literature of France, unlike that of Germany, does not all move in one direction. The same forces of change that have impelled some writers toward revolution—or, if you will, the same revolutionary changes that some writers have helped to encourage—have roused conservative as well as radical groups of French writers to activity. Daudet and Maurras still lead the old guard of French Royalism, and Paul Claudel, a figure of some political importance, is the outstanding Roman Catholic man of letters. But he is not the only one. François Mauriac, the latest addition to the Academy, is also a Catholic, and a group of his young coreligionists have recently established a review called *Esprit*. Jean Cocteau was converted to the faith of Rome some years ago by another man of letters, Jacques Maritain, and Henri Massis wrote a *Defense of the West* as a counterblast to Spengler, representing Paris and Rome as the twin citadels of Western

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civilization. Such old war horses of the Academy as Henry Bordeaux, Louis Madelin, and Henri de Régnier still defend the ancient faiths, and Bergson's last book preached mysticism. Paul Valéry, in part a survival of the gay, symbolic 'nineties, in part an advocate of internationalism, is one of the few living French writers with great influence but almost no political convictions.

VI

Thus we begin to descry in rough outline the contours of modern French literature. Internationalism and cosmopolitanism have vanished. Native styles are replacing the stream-line fashions set by Morand. A return to the soil of France and to a more conventional treatment of that soil is under way. But new classes have begun to crowd the bourgeois out of his place in the sun. The great Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès, is the virtual hero of the first volume of *Men of Good Will*, and in other novels social, political, and economic problems are taking precedence over the pre-war æstheticism of de Gourmont, Huysmans, Loti, and Louys. Writers who have not turned to the left are turning to Rome. The liberal-bourgeois traditions of Renan have few important adherents.

Although the movement to the left has developed greater strength than the movement to the right, do not forget that Anatole France, who counted as a radical in his day, offered to fight in the French army in 1914 to defend his native speech against Teutonic corruption. The recent return to French backgrounds and literary forms suggests that literary as well as economic nationalism may be the order of the day. The Rollands and the Gides will need more recruits than Céline—who is not a Communist—to make proletarian literature an actuality. The running battle—running through many centuries—between Church and State seems likely to develop into a fight between Catholicism and Socialism. But French literature has always been as self-sufficient as the country itself. The struggle that it is beginning to reflect and encourage therefore gives promise of being as distinctive as the geographic setting in which it will occur. A year ago last May the France of Poincaré vanished when Tardieu was swept out of office. The France of Morand—the same France—vanished at the same time, swept away by a group of new novelists as different from Morand as Herriot, Paul-Boncour, and Daladier are from Tardieu, Poincaré, and Laval.

Just one word in conclusion to those who may question the validity of this method of analysis. At the close of the century there appeared in Spain the famous 'Generation of '98'—a group of writers who cherished Republican theories. In April 1931 King Alfonso fled the country and Miguel de Unamuno, José Ortega y Gasset, Ramón Pérez de Ayala, Ramón Gómez de la Serna, and Salvador de Madariaga became national heroes. These men are the aristocracy of Spanish literature just as the blacklisted German authors include the aristocracy of German literature. Recent events in Spain therefore suggest that those who understand the portent of European literature to-day may be able to anticipate the destiny of Europe to-morrow.

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Here is a story of the China that's not in the guide books or in most of the popular fiction written by foreigners for foreign consumption. Here is China as a revolutionary Russian who has lived there learned to know it.

The Eighth WIFE

By Oskar Erdberg

From *Tales of Modern China*
Published by the Coöperative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the U. S. S. R., Moscow

I HAD malaria. I shivered with cold under the hot sun. During the evenings, when the wet mists rise above the ground and the red sun sinks over the city wall, I would be overcome by an oppressive numbness and would shiver with cold under three blankets. My teeth would chatter and I would lose consciousness. The daily attacks exhausted me; the doses of quinine that I kept swallowing made my ears buzz. In the morning I would get up hollow-cheeked, my legs would bend under me, yellow rings would flash before my eyes, and papers covered with hieroglyphics would drop from my shivering hands. I cursed this infested cesspool of Wuchow with its stench of urine and the remains of food rotting on its narrow streets. Most of all I cursed General Yu, who bored me with empty talk, banquets, and inspections. I could scarcely believe my good fortune when he proposed that I go with him for a week to his estate, which was further up the river in the mountains, a few days' journey from here.

We were to start that very night in a special little steamboat. About twelve o'clock, after my usual attack of malaria, Pando and I called for the General and we went down to the landing place. A large sampan was to take us to the boat. But when we reached the vessel they had not yet finished coaling it, and the General suggested that we use the several hours at our disposal to take a ride to the 'flower boats' (floating brothels). An adjutant and two soldiers armed with Mausers accompanied us. En-

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veloped in the blackness of the night, our sampan moved noiselessly down the river. A woman with smoothly combed black hair and a little baby on her back worked the heavy steering oar, skillfully manœuvring in and out between the junks and sampans.

Soon we approached a row of large, brightly lit, and richly decorated sampans. They were connected by little wooden bridges and were all peacefully swaying on the surface of the water. The numerous colored lanterns—green, yellow, red, blue—were reflected in a quivering fantasy on the water. Loud music—drums, gongs, the silvery ringing of little bells, and the squeaky croon of stringed instruments—burst from within the brothels. Decked with flowers and bright flags, with bronze and carved figures, overhung by the night sky on the edge of the swiftly flowing river, the sampans seemed like some fabulous island of gaiety and delight. The adjutant threw a few copper coins to the proprietress of our boat, which she caught and deposited in her bosom. We went aboard the nearest sampan.

II

A fat Chinese, whose naked belly overhung his belt in heavy folds of fat, raised a silk curtain and invited us in. He clapped his hands and from behind a screen appeared five or six Chinese girls, almost children, prettily dressed in light blue and pink silk blouses and wide trousers embroidered with flowers and dragons. Their coiffures were elaborate, with neat little bangs hanging down to their eyebrows. Their small faces were rouged. Almost all of them had bound feet and tripped along awkwardly on their 'golden lilies,' which were encased in little, thimblelike slippers.

Servants laid the table and brought tea and rice whiskey. We sat down on low stools of black wood or on the wide divans. A mah-jong set immediately appeared on the table, and to the clitter-clatter of the dice one of the girls began to play stridently on a lute. In a high-pitched voice, she sang a song that Pando was unable to translate to me.

'It is in the Shanghai dialect; I don't understand the words,' he said.

I scrutinized these little girls who, in spite of their attire and coiffure and affected manner, retained something childlike in their movements. On the adjoining sampans they must have learned of the General's coming, for several officials and rich merchants came over, and the General introduced us with the usual formalities. After the first singer, other girls sang, accompanying themselves on various instruments. Then they sat down beside their guests, who fondled their hands, looked into their eyes, whispered to them softly, or played mah-jong.

Yu also found a favorite little girl for himself—the one who had been the first to sing and who might have been his grandchild. He fondled her hands in a way which showed that he was not in the least embarrassed by our presence. Pando, who did not know how to play mah-jong any more than I did, told about the life on the flower boats.

'Don't be surprised at the lack of constraint,' he said. 'They see nothing shameful in their behavor, and it would occur to no one to criticize them. They come here every evening to enjoy themselves and if sometimes they spend the night with one of these

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little girls, they will not attempt to hide it. Most of them met their own wives here; they bought them from the proprietors of the sampans. Now their wives are accepted in the best circles, and no one reproaches them with their past. Here such things are regarded with greater simplicity and more naturally than in your hypocritical Europe. The profession of a singer on a flower boat is considered comparatively less disgraceful than the profession of a soldier, an actor, or a barber.'

'But they are almost children,' I said. 'They are no more than fifteen or sixteen years old.'

'Therein lies their value. Within ten years they will be worth nothing . . .'

I began to feel uncomfortable and asked to be excused. The General ordered the adjutant to escort us to the boat, saying that he would soon join us.

The sampan in which we had come was waiting for us. The child was dozing on the woman's back. When she got up, he awoke and, frightened by her sudden movement, began to cry. The woman impatiently shrugged her shoulders and started working the oar. This time we had the current against us and it was a hard job. She stood up on the bench, legs astride, feet placed against the sides of the boat, and painfully swung the oar attached to the stern to and fro. Several minutes passed in silence; then, frowning and wiping the streams of sweat from her face, she said, nodding her head in the direction of the receding lights of the flower boats, —

'My eldest daughter is there too . . . that's why I am forced to look after this cry baby . . .'

And she gave the child a good scolding.

As soon as we got to the little steamboat I threw myself upon a berth in the stateroom assigned to us and, having taken a double dose of quinine, fell into a sound sleep. When I awoke the next morning, the vessel was battling against the current of the West River. Pando told me that the General had already asked us to breakfast.

On the deck by a table under an awning the General met us with marked cordiality and, introducing us to a young woman in a pretty pink Chinese coat, said: 'Please get acquainted; this is my young wife.'

She bowed to us without extending her hand and modestly lowered her eyelids. It seemed to me that I had seen her before but I dismissed the thought, knowing how easily one mixes Chinese faces. The General pushed the little bowls of fish and shrimps toward us and asked us to fill our bowls with rice. We breakfasted in formal silence. After rice water, which is usually served as a dessert, the General said,—

'Tell us about the position of women in advanced countries. Here women are still enslaved. Of course we understand that they should be freed, but we do not know how to attain this end.'

After a short conversation, the General and his young wife rose and went to their stateroom. Pando asked me,—

'Did you recognize her?'

'I've seen her somewhere . . . Wait, Pando,' I exclaimed, 'why, this is yesterday's singer with the lute.'

'Yes, it is she. That is why the General remained last night on the

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flower boat. He had to settle the bill with the proprietor and take her away.'

'Poor child. . . !'

We did n't see the little girl from the flower boat the entire day. On the days that followed she appeared only at breakfast and then again retired to her stateroom. The General did not mention her and we, out of politeness, refrained from questioning. But the few occasions that we did see her gave me the impression that she was very much embarrassed and even oppressed by her new surroundings. To our questions she replied only with curt answers: 'Se-di (Yes)' or 'Se-se (Thank you).' She was like a poor child who has been thrown into the society of adults and rich people and does not know what to do with her hands or how to behave herself.

III

In the meantime our boat continued its voyage. In the middle of the second day we entered a narrow tributary of the West River and found ourselves in a mountainous, sparsely populated district, forlorn and melancholy in spite of the majestic mountains and cliffs. The steep river banks were barren of vegetation except for the sun-scorched bulrushes. Tiny plots sown with beans appeared here and there in the vast waste of loamy soil.

Peasants do not build houses here; they live in sampans, and when the soil of their fields becomes exhausted they go further in search of unoccupied bits of land. They burn and cut down the shrubs and grasses that cover the soil, and cultivate it with the same primitive methods that were used in the semimythological times of Fu-hsi. These 'nomadic farmers' are for the most part survivors of the tribes of Mayo and Yao, which once ruled these parts; now the Chinese settlers have driven them back into the mountains and barren lands. The Chinese regard them as savages. Yu even told me that 'some of them still have tails, a relic of the time when they were apes.' The farmers of the tribes Mayo and Yao pay tribute to the neighboring villages only because they were unfortunate enough to be born Mayos and Yaos. They are fearfully poor, work with wooden mattocks, are illiterate, have no knowledge of money, and speak a language consisting of a few guttural sounds. They are gradually dying out on this barren soil, surrounded by wild mountains and by the Chinese, who abhor them. These places overwhelm one with a sense of poverty and doom.

We were the more amazed when, toward evening, we saw before us on a wide mountain glen a beautiful panorama of emerald-green orchards and shady copses. Yu came on deck and informed us that it was our destination. A mighty cliff towered over the glen, the top of it crowned with old ruins.

'These ruins were once the stronghold of river pirates,' Yu said. 'About three hundred years ago they used to rob the merchant vessels, take away the merchandise, and hold the most beautiful girls for ransom. They also owned these lands that I have inherited.'

We anchored and a small launch took us ashore. Luxurious orchards surrounded us. Tufted bamboo weeds like gigantic ostrich plumes were intermingled with rows of stately palm trees. Tiny red birds wove three-

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cornered nests amid the twigs and foliage of the trees and entanglements of ivy and lianas.

We crossed the little white marble bridge over a pond on the surface of which water lilies and dainty lotus flowers were floating. Behind the trees were the dwellings: a row of small, one-story houses. Instead of front and back walls they had wooden crossbar frames covered with paper, and they were separated from one another by little paved courtyards with fountains. The sloping roofs with their turned-up corners were lit by the setting sun; streams of water spurted from the fountains, in the basins of which were miniature cliffs, toy houses, pagodas, figures of shepherds, animals, ships, and palanquin carriers.

The General showed us our rooms and the servants who were to wait upon us. He asked us to make ourselves at home and, telling us that tomorrow he would introduce us to his family, he wished us good-night.

The following morning we had breakfasted and had taken a walk in the garden before Yu appeared and invited us to come to the main hall. He placed us on a large wooden divan in front of which stood a low wooden bench. A little boy served us with small cups of hot green tea. Yu, raising his voice, said,—

'Permit me to introduce to you my unworthy wives.'

A mature, stout, unattractive, but richly dressed woman immediately appeared from behind the silk curtains. She bowed and took her place opposite us on one of the black stools that formed a semicircle round the divan.

'This is my first wife,' said Yu.

The curtain lifted again and a woman of about twenty-five with a broad, open face entered the room. She wore a light blue gown, at the hem of which were tugging two comical little children, with thin braids of hair hanging from their shaven heads like mice tails.

'This is my second wife,' said Yu, while the woman bowed and took her place next to the older one.

In the same order appeared the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh wives of General Yu. They were all young; some of them came alone, others carried children in their arms. Finally the curtain rose and the girl from the flower boat appeared.

'This one you know already,' said Yu. 'She is my eighth wife.'

Bowing low and timorously glancing about her, the girl glided past her seven companions and seated herself on the last stool.

General Yu sat like a cock among his hens. Never having been in a similar situation, I was so perplexed I could not find a word to say.

Noticing my embarrassment, Yu tried to entertain me with conversation.

'A few days ago I talked with you about the equality of women,' he said. 'Since then I have thought much about it. I think that we mentors and leaders of the people must set an example. But it would be heartless of me if I were to order my wives to leave me now. Why, they would die of starvation. First, I must give them an education. I will get them a tutor to give them lessons. With the exception of two, they are illiterate. What do you think about it? Eh?'

I nodded in silence.

'And during your stay here,' Yu said in conclusion, 'I should very

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much like to ask you, if your health and time permit, to have a talk with them sometime.'

'The devil!' I thought. 'This is the first time I've been asked to be a eunuch in an Oriental harem. As if I had nothing better to do!' I nearly said this to Yu but restrained myself and replied that I did not feel sufficiently competent for so responsible a task.

The servants had already laid the table. All the wives with their children rose and discreetly retired behind the curtain. Only the oldest wife joined us at the table and we were treated by Yu to an exquisite dinner; he looked after us with the solicitude described in the Chinese formula: 'Melons and dates in the winter, ice and snow in the summer—the wine glasses move by themselves, but if they are not full, they will stay where they are.'

IV

The following evening Pando and I were walking in the garden. In the most remote nook at the foot of a limestone hill we found an entrance to a cave and Pando, taking out his flashlight, led me inside. We walked for several minutes. It was pitch-dark, but, to judge by the current of air, the cave had an exit on the opposite side. Drops of water fell from the ceiling and spattered upon the stone floor. Pando let the light play upon the vaults and I could see fantastic figures formed in the limestone rocks: vultures, scaled fish, a sage seated on a couch, an animal crouching to spring, human skulls . . . At that moment I would not have been surprised if we had found among these fantastic rock formations skeletons of Yu's former wives, tortured by him in the manner of Bluebeard. Rounding a bend in the cave, we saw the light of the moon and next minute were outside again.

Here the mountain descended to the river in steep terraces. On the edge of a precipice stood an arbor made of lime clods and crowned with a domed roof that was supported by several wooden columns.

We made our way toward the arbor and, crossing its threshold, ran into the girl of the flower boat. She gave a shriek of fright and dropped a red handkerchief to the floor. We apologized, asked whether we were disturbing her, and sat down beside her on a stone bench. The girl quickly calmed down and looked at us with childish curiosity.

'What kind of an arbor is this?' I asked Pando. He examined the inscriptions and drawings on the walls and, pointing to a large black tablet on which a portrait was etched in white lines, said,—

'Here is a portrait of the classic Chinese poet, Li Tai-po. He lived a thousand years ago, and it is written here that this pavilion was erected in honor of his visits to these parts.'

The artist depicted the poet as an obese, vigorous, cheerful man with a thick beard and broad forehead. He dressed him in a luxurious mantle, and put him on a raft that two lean, boyish sailors were rowing down a river. He apparently found no other way of expressing the majesty of Li Tai-po than by making him twice as tall and twice as obese as the sailors. The drawing breathed a spirit of robust simplicity. Struggling with the ancient hieroglyphics, Pando translated with difficulty a quatrain of the poet that was engraved alongside the portrait:—

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A turtle is lazily crawling on a lotus leaf,
A bird is resting on the flower of a reed,
A young girl is rowing in a canoe.
The strains of her song trail above the current of the waters.

'Are you lonesome here?' I asked the girl of the flower boat and Pando translated my question.

'Yes,' she answered softly and lowered her eyes.

Pando began to speak to her about something and I saw how she brightened up. They spoke for a long time, while I watched the moon rise above the river and throw a crystal arch from one bank to the other. The cloud columns advanced on the inaccessible stronghold of the moon. Battalion after battalion rolled forward with waving banners and the blood of the moon warriors was showered upon the earth in silver streams—in floods of moonlight. I tried to take a deep breath and felt that the strong wine of southern nights was intoxicating me.

'She is also the daughter—of—a sampan woman, something like the one who rowed us to the boat,' said Pando. 'She is sixteen years old. She was sold to the flower boat when she was still a baby. They taught her pretty manners and to sing and play the lute. They bound her feet and massaged her breasts so that some rich man would take a fancy to her and be willing to buy her. And so our General bought her. She says she is afraid of the General's first wife, who is a jealous, wicked old witch who beats all the other wives and forces them to work all day long. In Wuchow she left a young boatman who made her a present of his handkerchief.'

Taking from the girl the red handkerchief that she had dropped when we appeared, Pando read the following inscription, which was embroidered on it:—

We never tire of each other.
We are two lovers, Yun and Yan,
And nothing can divide us;
Like fishes in the sea we swim.

Now the moon again burst through the clouds and flooded the mountain tops with a blue torrent of light, lifting the shadows from the old ruins of the castle of the river pirates who had carried off the most beautiful girls of the country.

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The publication of the second volume of Arnold Bennett's Journals stimulated one of his greatest admirers, who is also a great critic, to draw these comparisons between him and Trollope.

NOTES *on* Arnold Bennett

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Quarterly

I HAVE been reading Arnold Bennett's Diaries. The last words of the third volume are: 'Monday, December 31, 1928. This year I have written 304,000 words: 1 play, 2 films, 1 small book on religion, and about 80 or 81 articles. Also I lost a full month in rehearsals, and a full month, no, six weeks, on holidays.'

These Diaries are likely to have much the same effect on his reputation as Trollope's *Autobiography* had on his: at first they will damage, but, in the end, enhance it. A. B. may be more or less ignored for many years as Trollope was ignored, but his work will revive. He stands in a similar relation to his own age, and his best qualities are the same—straightforwardness and keen interest in all that occupied the attention of ordinary men in his day. Those times are not so pleasant for us to contemplate as Trollope's, but that is partly the result of our propinquity.

How completely Trollope had dropped out of recognition by the end of the nineteenth century was once brought home to me by his widow. She was, when I made her acquaintance, well over eighty, and a very vigorous old woman with downright opinions, a tart tongue, and an energetic countenance. She was then living with her niece, Miss Bland, next door but one to my home in Cheyne Gardens. On Empire Day the balcony of their house was aflutter with flags, and if May 24 happened to be fine, the small oblong garden at the back was carpeted with Union Jacks.

My attention was first drawn to the old lady who on sunny days used to sit there, crocheting, by an occasional sound of such extraordinary violence that, until its origin had been ascer-

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tained, it drew the heads of neighbors to their back windows. It resembled that of someone falling from a height into a cucumber frame: Mrs. Anthony Trollope had sneezed. She must have been something of a tyrant, for on one occasion Miss Bland came round for help in an emergency—their two servants, terrified of giving notice to their mistress, had suddenly and silently decamped. This, I think, was the beginning of our closer acquaintance.

I used to call sometimes and gaze at her with pleasure and curiosity, fancying I could see in her traces of Trollope's spirited, straightforward heroines, whom I loved also for their resemblance to some of my own country cousins. I had read the best-known Trollopes with admiration, but I had found it difficult to procure his out-of-the-way novels. One afternoon I ventured to ask her to lend me *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, and—here is the incident that brought home to me how completely Trollope had dropped out of recognition—I had difficulty in making her believe that I wanted to read it. Too many years have passed to allow of my reporting the conversation that followed, but I know it began with her looking at me hard and by an equally searching question: 'Are you sure you are not asking for it to please *me*?' and that when I protested that I had the greatest admiration for her husband's work, she said: 'Well, I'm very glad to hear it, but young people of your age despised my husband's books.'

II

There is always a slump in the reputation of a novelist after his death, and this is likely to be deep if he has been regular and prolific. Bennett astonished us, as Trollope astonished his contemporaries, by the amount he wrote. As soon as one book was finished he began another. Sometimes he had two or three books on the stocks at the same time. He also left behind him these Journals, which contain in the original over a million words. All this shows how delightful, and even necessary to him, the occupation of writing was; writing was his relief, his joy, and a condition of self-satisfaction, as well as his profession.

There are many interesting entries in his Journals; though it is likely that most readers will find them dry, it is their dryness and bleakness that I like. His Journal is the daybook of an observer who jots down items and comments upon what he has seen or read, or the people he has met, or the theatres he has visited, in order to prevent experience from running through his head like water through a sieve. Or, to use another metaphor, his Journal is that of a man who passes a dragnet through the river of life that has flowed past him during the day, in the hope of catching a few little fish. They may or may not be worth eating afterward, but he can't be sure. Anyhow, he thinks, the mere habit of recording experience increases the chance of not having lived in vain.

We hate to think that so much that happens to us passes away completely, and A. B.'s sense of purposeful, economical living, which showed in his dread of wasting time, his passionate punctuality, his pedantic orderliness, accounts also for his having kept this long, steady Diary for thirty-five years. He could not bear to waste even valueless scraps of experience.

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The chief value of his Diary to us is that it helps us toward a better understanding of his art and his relation to it.

Modern psychologists divide human beings into two types—the extrovert and the introvert. Roughly, this means that some of us are more interested in our feelings and *our* relations to things and other people—these are the introverts; while others are interested in everything apart from themselves: these are the extroverts, and this is the Journal of an extrovert. He is immensely interested in the world, and hardly interested at all in Arnold Bennett (except in the state of his health), which accounts for the matter-of-factness of the Journals and the absence, unless this is due to the editor's excisions, of anything intimate in them.

The extrovert is a man to whom, like Wordsworth's Peter Bell, a primrose by the river's brim is a simple primrose, nothing more. On the other hand, this is also the reason why his company is satisfactory. Bennett's response to life is often far from interesting, but every page is marked with two qualities that all felt who came into contact with him, either personally or through his work: trustworthiness and solidity. These are not common virtues; indeed, they are extremely rare. His greatest qualities are those that are wronged by excessive praise. He was an exceedingly honest, unpretentiously objective novelist. He was astonishingly productive, and, though he spared no pains with each book in turn, they were of most uneven merit.

How cold that commendation sounds! Yet it was thus men wrote of Trollope when he died in '82. They said that he was a most honest, capable author; they said he deserved his big income for having entertained them well; they said that possibly readers in days to come might value his work as documents depicting contemporary English life, but they doubted if his work was a contribution to English literature.

Trollope appeared to the discriminating as an honest journeyman of letters. Did he not write every day with clockwork regularity, and begin a new novel on the day he finished the last? How unlike an artist! Was he not always interested in his market? How unlike an artist! His prose was sound and pedestrian, and that was all you could say for it. How unlike an artist! They would never have dreamt of ranking him with George Eliot, whose work was so full of interesting philosophical reflections, or with Thackeray, who wrote so much better.

Well, fifty years have passed since Trollope died, eighty since he began to write, and he stands high and permanently among English novelists. When we want to know how people lived and thought in mid-Victorian days, we undoubtedly do turn to Trollope, but it is not for that reason he is most often read. That does not account for the modern-library and pocket editions of his novels that today follow each other at intervals. We read Trollope because he is a trustworthy creator of normal men and women, because he enters so sympathetically into their lives, their joys, failings, difficulties, and because he makes their surroundings vivid to us, their relations to those above and below them in the social scale.

This is what Arnold Bennett has done for contemporary life. His merits

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are his abounding interest in the actual and his power of conveying that interest to us. But Trollope had the advantage of inheriting a stable set of values with a solid body of contemporary opinion behind them. He could appeal to standards that were universally accepted. It made his picture of life more superficial, but more firm in outline. Bennett was born into a restless, investigating age, an age that was digging at the roots of motives. He was forced to go deeper into human nature, and thus in his finest work, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Clayhanger* and its sequels, and in many chapters scattered up and down his novels, we also apprehend human beings, not merely in relation to the social system or current morality, but in relation to the forces beneath the surface that control human life. This requires a more penetrating kind of imagination. His common sense was not as firm as Trollope's; he was more sensitive, but he carried even into the more obscure recesses of human experience the same lantern of downright honesty, the same kind of sympathy. He, too, was one of the least egotistic of writers.

III

Compare him one moment in this respect with a living novelist whose name was often mentioned in the same breath with his—Wells. Bennett and Wells, Wells and Bennett—we thought of them as two great twin brethren who by means of stories illuminated our times. Wells does so largely by means of interpolated discourse: he always has a lecturer's wand in his hand while he narrates—but that is not the main difference between them.

They both show the changes that are going on before our eyes, but one feels when one reads Wells's books that his perceptions have always been sharpened by the way in which the confusion of the existing order has impinged upon *himself*, has baffled, tortured, and amused *him*. His fiction is autobiography in disguise, doctored and altered often beyond recognition, but in spirit, at any rate, autobiography; just as his abstract thinking has the air of always having been prompted by the exigencies of his own predicament at a particular moment, however disinterestedly it may have been pursued. Thanks to being such a bundle of conflicting sensibilities, reactions, and passions—so 'human,' in fact, to use a tag—this reflection of a personal response to life has been extraordinarily rich in results.

Wells has shown us things worth seeing because he is so *personal;* but Bennett showed them so well because he forgot himself. Compared with Wells, he was an 'eye' without a character behind it. But what was, however, behind that eye was a sympathy that enabled him to find ordinary characters as interesting as they are to themselves. Wells's characters, when they are not projections of himself, are as interesting as they are to *him;* that is to say, interesting in a very different way. Bennett's method is what we call the objective method.

Now it is easier to see the greatness of an author in work that obviously depends upon the author himself for its charm, excitement, and power. Such work drives us at once to think of the author's ardor and penetration. In Bennett's finest work we forgot him, and it was only on second thoughts that we saw that to present

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character and events so impartially required rare qualities, intellectual disinterestedness, and selfless sympathy. Anyone can see how much of an artist a writer is if his attitude toward his own work is of a self-delighting kind. Bennett was much more of an artist than many people were inclined to believe. The fact was obscured by his standing off from what he described, and also by his power of putting through any job he set his hand to, so that he finished many a book that made no call on his highest faculties. I have used before the simile I am about to use, but it explains best what I mean:—

You know those little electric motors that can be fixed to sailing boats to drive them along when the wind drops? They have spoilt sailing, though they are exceedingly convenient. Arnold Bennett was an artist who was born (unfortunately for us, yes, and for him too) with such an attachment. He could move rapidly in any direction he wished without waiting for the breath of inspiration; he could make progress without tacking. He was cursed with an irrelevant and impartial efficiency. He could write a readable article on anything from Proust to the 'three-piece' dress; he could make 'a job' of any theme, though he had only a craftsman's interest in it; and the result was that he was unable to distinguish easily between what he could do, and what he could do *best*. He constantly confused in himself the conscientiousness of the craftsman with that of the artist. The result was always respectworthy in one from whom we could receive nothing better; but often the artist's heart was obviously not in his work.

The pivot round which the world of Trollope revolves is the country house. His England is the England when the landed gentry were still uppermost in the realm, when power meant property accompanied by definite responsibilities, privileges, and standards. He often shifted the focus of his tales to the professions—to the law, Parliament, the Church—but the great pervading fact of the social scene, as he painted it, was the nobleman with his thousands of acres and his castle, or the squire who was a little king in his own corner of the county.

Trollope was amused by the relations of small men to big men and of great to greater, and intensely interested in the pride with which they severally recognized their obligations to each other and to themselves. Like his own characters, he accepted the hierarchy; and he watched with buoyant sympathy the vicissitudes of his heroes and heroines, who were—the phrase is most characteristic of him—'growing toward the light.' He reveled in their success, partly because it *was* success—for he accepted the social hierarchy with a robust matter-of-factness entirely free from either mean envy or uneasy admiration—but chiefly because the process of getting on was itself a thorough test of character.

At every turn he was able to compare those who were ready to sacrifice their proper pride, their spiritual decency, or their sincerity of heart in order to 'get on' with those who refused to compromise their 'manliness' (to use a favorite Victorian word), or their 'womanliness,' which meant putting the claims of the heart before everything but duty. In all this Trol-

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lope was the chronicler of his times, and that he was such a chronicler adds to the importance of his work.

When I survey the work of Arnold Bennett, passing his stories in rapid review, I am struck by his resemblance to Trollope in this respect. It is a different England he paints, and to me not nearly such an attractive one, but I see reasons for thinking that his picture of society will interest posterity historically in the same way. The pivot is no longer the hall and landed property, but the luxury hotel and inexhaustible dividends—the power of huge floating fortunes, and the fascination of irresponsible, exaggerated spending. I am not at all sure that these features of our civilization, which caught the eye of Bennett, will not prove to be the very ones that will stand out for posterity looking back on it.

Bennett accepted the hierarchy of capitalism (with some reservations) in the same uncritical, robust way in which Trollope accepted the social order of his day; and his stories, also, described men and women 'growing toward the light.' His constant theme is the comedy and gratification of getting into the golden sunlight before you have really any right to, and then of establishing yourself firmly there. He was never tired of describing the joy of newly acquired possessions, and the triumph of the parvenu at successfully pretending he is not impressed by what really thrills him. His novels, too, are largely about 'getting on,' not, in the sense Trollope's are, about reaching the social shelf that your abilities, character, and education entitle you to, but about getting richer in a fluid, chaotic society—being able to afford the finest suite in a grand hotel, the most costly flat, the best yacht, the most impeccably dressed daughters, and making magnificent gestures with a check book.

Many people thought this was due to vulgarity in Bennett; the vulgarity was in the age he depicted. 'Getting on' in the modern world is often a matter of bounce and luck—you may get rich overnight; success in Bennett's novel was therefore not such a fine test of character as it was in Trollope's days. This was a loss to Bennett the novelist. But in his early *Five Towns* stories he showed clearly the grit that went to making a start in life, and he created a commercial and competitive atmosphere in which it was plausible that citizens should regard the making of money as the test of manhood. In his middle period, in *The Card* and its sequels, he described amusingly that plucky and innocent impudence which often leads by short cuts to fortune.

His strength was to reflect, like Trollope, the standards of his times, and it was not his fault that the average hero was in his day the parvenu, and no longer the man who knew his right place. Trollope saw clearly the irresponsible selfishness of the pompous old Duke of Omnium, and the hollow pretentiousness of the De Courceys, but he would not deny that it was a fine thing to be a duke. Bennett refused to deny that it was a fine thing to be a millionaire, though he was capable of making fun of millionaire bluster and weakness.

IV

He was under the impression that his descriptions of wealthy life were full of glaring and biting social satire.

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We once had a brief correspondence about this point. I had written, when reviewing *Lilian:* 'I have a feeling, now and then, while reading Mr. Bennett, that he does not *want* to blow the gaff; as if he had made up his mind that it was silly, if not dishonest, to be disillusioned about making lots of money and having "good times," there being so little else in life. It would explain why he usually chooses to see these things through a pair of eyes that the reader can believe were easily beglamoured, those of some enterprising young business man, or woman, suddenly lifted out of financial embarrassment. My quarrel with him is that he does not let *us* see round their view of life.

'Mr. Bennett's favorite theme for some time past has been success—success expressed in terms of becoming better off or very rich. It was a favorite theme with Balzac, too, whose outlook on life was also "materialistic." Balzac, however, dealt as much in failure as success. The good usually failed, the base succeeded in his novels. Mr. Bennett's characters, on the contrary, are all amiable, and always go up and up. It is time he gave us, for a change, at least a *César Birotteau.*

'He has ceased to be a realist except in details; the world of his characters has become a Tom Tiddler's ground, where they fill their pockets. In fact, he had been writing for years past a series of very matter-of-fact fairy stories. No one in his books has ever had to pay, whether in a physical or spiritual sense, for his or her success. Lilian in this book pays in no currency that Mr. Bennett regards as valuable, and she gains—well, everything that Mr. Bennett conceives as making life worth living. The mediocrity of this conception, if you do not read his stories just as fairy stories, is depressing.

'Perhaps the majority of human beings at all times and in all places have lived, either consciously or unconsciously, either defiantly or dishonestly, by the scale of values that he applies to life. Horace, Voltaire, Lucretius, Montaigne, Anatole France, William Morris, Maupassant—to mention names of very different writers—are all "materialists," but the tincture of temperament makes the work of each different. To say that a writer is a materialist does not even tell us whether his work is tragic or comic, whether it makes us conscious of the beauty of life or its dreariness, of its exciting variety or of its monotony. We must, therefore, qualify: Mr. Bennett's materialism is unæsthetic, untragic, and middle-aged.

'What would happen if Mr. Bennett ceased to think it a crowning moment in life to drive a twenty-foot motor up to an hotel, where the air can only be breathed at the cost of a shilling a minute, and to order a dinner of which every course is out of season? There is always some satire in his picture of plutocratic privileges, but satire is lost in sympathy. Would not the romance of the Five Towns suffer, too, if the candle for which the game is played there was not brightly lit? Or, rather, would not that romance become once more tragic in quality, as it did in *The Old Wives' Tale?*'

Now Bennett was utterly without resentment when you criticized him as long as he believed that you were not trying to be clever at his expense, but stating a genuine opinion. I have never met a writer more magnani-

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mous in that respect. I was constantly writing about his novels and plays in a way that would have made most authors drop my acquaintance. All he did in this instance was to write me a letter emphasizing that his novel was crammed with social satire, and that I was blind to the beauty and romance of modern life—it was *I* who was unæsthetic. (There was truth in this charge.)

V

But when *Mr. Prohack* appeared, I found myself again in doubt whether the book was intended as a picture of futility or attainment. Was the sudden good fortune of the Prohack family after all a Timon's feast, a matter of warm water under silver dish covers? It looked rather like it. Yet a doubt remained. With his intellect Bennett constantly assented to the proposition that the solid happiness of possessing £20,000 a year and a son who is a financial magnate could be easily exaggerated; yet his temperament kept shouting enthusiastically as he told the story of the Prohacks, in a tone very far from that of an ironic host, 'Uncover, dogs, and lap!'

The voice of his temperament was louder than that of his intellect. Hence the reader's confused impression at the close of books about the rich, which nevertheless did contain much social satire, and satire particularly directed against the getting and spending of money. That particular story closed with a description of a magnificent yacht on which young Prohack never sails but takes tea at intervals, and (almost in the spirit of *Bouvard and Pécuchet*) with Mr. Prohack taking up routine work to again make more money that he does not want.

Although his material, his serious work, is, in the ordinary sense of the word, unromantic, his interpretation of life is thoroughly romantic. The essence of all romanticism is to make an individual's feeling about things the sole test of their value. The state of feeling called 'passion' is essentially romantic, for everybody knows that the immense value it attributes to a particular person has no objective truth. All Bennett's characters are passionate, whether it is about another human being or a printing press, or anything else, and their passion throws a glamour over the sordidness and squalor of the Five Towns. We feel, as we read, serious doubts whether the Five Towns are not in some incomprehensible way superior to Athens or Florence!

Bennett's finest book is also a romantic one, but it is *the tragedy of romanticism*. In *The Old Wives' Tale* he rose above the point of view of the characters themselves, whose impulses and desires glorified disproportionately one thing after another. We were made to feel that the alchemy of the will cannot gild the ravages of time. Time not only takes away attractiveness from the body and activity from the mind, but also that internal generating power which makes ordinary things seem worth while. How sleepy and dull the two sisters are at the end of the book! He was at his greatest when he brought his characters up against the fact of death and the injuries of old age. It was that which made *The Old Wives' Tale* so fine a book, and his pathos in many an episode, grim, large, merciful, and impressive.

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By way of tribute to the genius of T. S. Eliot, an English humorist rewrites *Hamlet* in the American idiom of to-day.

HAMLET Rewritten

By GERALD GOULD

From the *Week-end Review*
London Independent Weekly of the Right

[IT HAS long been recognized that *Hamlet* needs rewriting—ever since, indeed, Mr. T. S. Eliot (this is where you laugh, boys) discovered that the play was an artistic failure. Up till recently, Shakespeare had been ranked as high as Bilge and Bulge, but that obsession could not last. He is now taken for what he was: a valuable if pedantic authority on the marine fauna and flora of Bohemia. As poet and dramatist, he has ceased to exist. He had good ideas, but no idea of how to use them. Swift pointed out that Homer was ignorant of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. The same charge lies against Shakespeare as regards Freud—though it is true that the Piffelbuch school takes the celebrated line in *The Taming of the Shrew*, 'That wench is stark mad or wonderful *forward*,' to be a printer's error, and, in *Hamlet* itself, reads 'Jung' for 'young' in the famous reference to 'this mad young man.' Sound scholarship rejects, however, such factitious aids. What is known for certain is that Shakespeare was a victim of the second-best fixation: it will be remembered that he bequeathed his wife his second-best bed. All that remains to do for *Hamlet*, therefore, is to rewrite it. What is offered here is only a first sketch. I have not aimed at any one author's manner, but just tried to be up-to-date and vernacular. I am engaged on a version in three-quarters of a million words, all of them spelled backward when they are lucky enough to get spelled at all; it will be seen that, in the mere rough draft that follows, I have even retained capitals as a compromise. On the other hand, all the punctuation is entirely imaginary, and has no reference to any living principle. If any full stops or commas have crept in, they are unintentional and without significance.]

Hamlet he was called Junior really because his old man's name was

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Hamlet too and it caused confusion when Gertie that was Hamlet's I mean Junior's mother wanted to call them in to the baked meats or whatnot well as I was saying Hamlet that is Junior was one of these poppa-momma boys

So it was a wonder he did n't just hang around the old home at Elsinore and maybe take Miss 'Feeley for a buggy ride now and then she was the daughter of old Boloney and a nice girl but kind of quiet

But Junior had got all het up with this education dope and heard how they'd started a new mental clinic at Wittenberg so he worried his people and believe me he was some worrier into letting him go to High School and there he made friends with Horatio who was one of these bum philosophers I mean there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his philosophy at least that's what Hamlet said but Horatio just answered aw shucks you're bug-house I mean you're nuts

And a dam good shot too if you see what I mean but anyway you will presently

However Hamlet came back from Wittenberg and what did he find I ask you

He wanted to show momma his school reports he had n't done too badly he could n't make the football team because he was fat and not in very good condition but he'd muscled in all right on the retail-book trade and was well known at Foyle's

Well meanwhile this Claudius who was Hamlet Senior's brother had got sweet on Gertie you'd think he'd ought to of laid off his own brother's wife but he was a dirty dog and he got some poison and gave Senior an earful just when he was sleeping off the effects of the Elksinore Reunion Class 1180 or thereabouts

II

Well so the first thing Hamlet knew there was his dad made into a ghost and his red-hot momma gee she was all that according to what Hamlet said to her in her boudoir was married to Claudius and what's more the food that was saved over from the funeral was used up for the wedding breakfast and cold at that you may call it parsimonious

So this ghost upped and told Hamlet to make Elsinore a home of lost Claudius but poor Ham had got so wool-gathering along of all this psychology stuff he'd been reading he could n't even make up his mind to do it pat but wanted to get his nunky drunk or cross or in bed or at the ball game or ripping off some bad words or about some act that has no relish of salvation in it

So he said rats and stuck poor old Boloney instead and in error but did not feel his position acutely

Before this though old Boloney well naturally it was before this he could n't do it after he was dead but we moderns are n't all that stuck on construction well old Boloney had sent his son Laertes for a week-end to Paris with instructions not to lend his friends any money or sure enough they would make off with it and he would look sillier than before with a whole beardful of wisecracks of this *sui generis* and Laertes had said righto dad don't you worry about little me among the dagos I should worry said Boloney and he did

Then Ham did n't act right by

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Miss 'Feeley he said to her I did love you once and she said why Big Boy you made me believe so and he said well I don't any more because it says in this dime text-book I've got to be in love with my mother or Gertie the Girl Guide as she is known to several

Well Hamlet said Miss 'Feeley you sure do have an Œdipus complexion but hitherto I had been putting it down to the liquor

Liquor nothing replied Ham passing a nineteenth amendment so slick that the quickness of the hand deceived the eye

To be or not to be he said that is the question and a dam tough one if you ask me but Miss 'Feeley put some straws in her hair and stated a theory of companionate marriage to slow music and drowned herself and Laertes came back and interrupted Ham who was giving his famous representation of Yorick or Little by Little and Ham got sore and said dammit I loved Ophelia forty thousand brothers could not with all their quantity of love do this sum and Laertes said sum do and sum don't laughing wildly so they got down into the grave and had a spell of all-in wrestling but the referee declared no contest so Hamlet came up again and offered to let any gentleman or lady make Ossa like a wart

No takers

Then Ham stuck Laertes and Claudius and also made Claudius drink wood alcohol and was stuck with a poisoned weapon himself and Gertie drank poison inadvertently and Hamlet held together just long enough to make a forecast of the presidential election which Fortinbras subsequently won easy

Well boys I hope I've told it right you can count on the straight dope from me every time next thing you know I'll tell you *The Arabian Nights* just a Thousand and One Bedtime stories boys but say you won't know them the way I tell them

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BOOKS ABROAD

NEW COUNTRY. *Edited by Michael Roberts. London: Hogarth Press. 1933. 7s. 6d.*
POEMS. *By W. H. Auden. London: Faber and Faber. 1931. 2s. 6d.*
POEMS. *By Stephen Spender. London: Faber and Faber. 1933. 5s.*
THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN. *By Cecil Day Lewis. London: Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.*

(Bonamy Dobrée in *The Listener*, London)

I ADMIT that I share the very general opinion that something has gone wrong with the poetry of this century as a whole. It is often, people say, either namby-pamby or farfetched. It deals with things hardly anybody any longer cares tuppence about, either in language so soft and sugary that it melts like butter in the mouth and has no substance in it—in fact, nothing but a pleasant tinkle; or so difficult as to be understood only by a clique, and a highbrow one at that. This is more or less true, to my mind, and such a state of things is obviously wrong. Who is to blame? Are we, or are the poets? I rather think both. The poets are to blame because they will not realize that they must find some contact in language between their vision and ours; we are to blame because our natural laziness rebels against having to make the effort to grasp a new form and a new content. Poetry to-day, I think, is trying to grapple seriously with what is going on round us; and since these times are extremely difficult, it is natural that at first the poetry should be difficult too.

But the younger poets, I think, have won through, they are no longer so difficult, and they are very alive. I refer to the school of which W. H. Auden is leader, round whom are grouped in particular Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis. The best recent introduction to them, I think, is a book called *New Country*, edited by Michael Roberts, who in a preface more or less explains what the new poets are up to. They were all of them born too late to take part in the War, but early enough to be brought up in the war atmosphere, so they are all painfully aware of the disharmony of society to-day, especially of its anti-cultural aspects. They feel also that the present state of things is doomed, and are bravely trying to indicate new states of mind, to direct, in fact, the revolution. They feel an intense desire to affect the future, and though some of them, Spender especially, feel most averse from dallying with politics—what has a poet to do with politics?—they are urged to do so. They are, on the whole, communists, but communists with an intense love for England. They are, then, not at all withdrawn from life as we all live it, from the urgent problems of to-day. They don't dwell in ivory towers; they are not in the least highbrow. If you want to know what the best, the most mentally vigorous of the younger generation is thinking and feeling, get this book. It contains prose as well as poetry, and has some quite good stories—two, I think, especially good, by Edward Upward.

The three poets I have mentioned

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are represented separately; Auden in *Poems;* but as this book is a couple of years old, I will quote something from *New Country*. Auden is sometimes, I find, a difficult poet, but I feel that some poetry nowadays should always be difficult, to challenge us to stretch our faculties: and he sometimes is as easy as you could wish:—

Look what we stand on, the bone-rich soil of England:
It has thrust us up together; it is stronger than we.
In it our separate sorrows are a single hope,
It's in its nature always to appear
Behind us as we move
With linked arms through our dreams,
Wherefore, apart, we love
Its sundering streams.

And since our desire cannot take that route which is straightest,
Let it choose the crooked, so implicating these acres,
These millions in whom already the wish to be one
Like a burglar is stealthily moving,
That these on the new façade of a bank
Employed, or conferring at a health resort,
May, by circumstance linked,
More clearly act our thought.

Next, Cecil Day Lewis has just published *The Magnetic Mountain;* but it would not be quite fair to quote any of his book, for the thing is a whole, in its simplicities, its complexities, its song, and its satire; each part depends upon what has gone before. Like a good deal of recent work, Mr. Day Lewis's lacks the old fine swing, the Swinburnian onrush; it seems, often, to halt in the middle of a rhythm, as though the phrase should end on a drumbeat rather than on an echoing trumpet note. The music *is* there, but it is more subtle, in the manner practised by Mr. Herbert Read. In this extract, for instance, note how the first two stanzas get their effect from assonances, which in the last two broaden out into rhymes.

In these our winter days
Death's iron tongue is glib
Numbing with fear all flesh upon
A fiery-hearted globe.

An age once green is buried,
Numbered the hours of light;
Blood-red across the snow our sun
Still trails his faint retreat.

Spring through death's iron guard
Her million blades shall thrust;
Love that was sleeping, not extinct,
Throw off the nightmare crust.

Eyes, though not ours, shall see
Sky-high a signal flame,
The sun returned to power above
A world, but not the same.

But where, you will ask, in all this is the old clarion call, the Shelley note? Well, the answer is that this poetry is much less vague; it does n't appeal to a general emotion so much as to the hard facts of our day. This is, I think, a gain; this poetry is definite and directive; something may come of it. It was all very well for Shelley to write:—

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

It simply was n't true. It was a pious wish. But our younger poets are, so to speak, up against it. The faiths and empires are dissolving. What is to be done about it? They try to provide an answer; they try to break down fear, and to reintegrate human love.

And after all, the great notes are not lacking, though the tune is not the old tune. Why should it be? There is Stephen Spender, the most evident singer of them all. Spender is most arresting; no one can find him wanting in splendid music, for though as a rule

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he avoids rhyme, he has superb, surging rhythms. He calls; his voice rings in your ears. He is in the tradition of poetry more than the others, the tradition as modified since the War by T. S. Eliot rather than by Herbert Read. Though revolutionary, with a vision to urge him rather than a sense of discomfort, he rebels also against communism, with its denial of the individual, its mass emotions, its pitilessness; for how can there, he asks, be poetry without pity? I have found it rather difficult to select from so many things that delighted me, but here is a poem that exhibits his political views as well as his inborn lyricism:—

After they have tired of the brilliance of cities
And of striving for office where at last they may languish
Hung round with easy chains until
Death and Jerusalem glorify also the crossing-sweeper:
Then those streets the rich built and their easy love
Fade like old cloths, and it is death stalks through life
Grinning white through all faces
Clean and equal like the shine from snow.

In this time when grief pours freezing over us
When the hard light of pain gleams at every street corner
When those who were pillars of that day's gold roof
Shrink in their clothes; surely from hunger
We may strike fire, like fire from flint?
And our strength is now the strength of our bones
Clean and equal like the shine from snow
And the strength of famine and of our enforced idleness,
And it is the strength of our love for each other.

Readers of this strange language,
We have come at last to a country
Where light equal, like the shine from snow, strikes all faces,
Here you may wonder
How it was that works, money, interest, building could ever hide
The palpable and obvious love of man for man.

Oh, comrades, let not those who follow after
—The beautiful generation that shall spring from our sides—
Let not them wonder how after the failure of banks
The failure of cathedrals and the declared insanity of our rulers,
We lacked the springlike resources of the tiger
Or of plants who strike out new roots to gushing waters.
But through torn-down portions of old fabric let their eyes
Watch the admiring dawn explode like a shell
Around us, dazing us with its light like snow.

LONDRES. *By Paul Morand. Paris: Plon. 1933.*

(André Maurois in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

NOTHING is more difficult than to write a book about a city. One has to explain the inexplicable, to make a unique being out of a collective group, to clarify and simplify what is obscure and complex. Geographers think they have solved the problem by giving the history of great cities a geological framework. Then they show in the most ingenious and often ingenuous fashion why it could not have been different. But this over-precise presentation of the mechanism of the past makes real historians smile. Lucien Febvre and Camille Jullian have shown very clearly that in every city one must distinguish the elements of formation—such as position, river connections, roads, blending of races—and the elements of growth, among which the human will, sometimes even the decision of a single man, plays the greatest part. True enough, London and Rouen are the first bridgeheads on great rivers, the farthest points inside the country that seagoing vessels can

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reach. But Rouen is not London, and the existence of Paris upsets the apparent soundness of this reasoning process.

What I like in Morand's book is primarily that, having to describe the most complicated and illogical of the great capitals, he has not tried to adapt it to the exigencies of the French spirit by artificial constructions. London is an unintelligible city and Morand has had the courage to understand it as such. Paris is simple. Great arteries parallel or perpendicular to the Seine, star-shaped convergences of streets, and concentric circles form its geometric design. The streets are called streets; the boulevards, boulevards; the squares, squares. In London, Cromwell Place is a street, Cromwell Garden is not a garden, and Hyde Park Terrace is not a terrace. The plan of London drives a Frenchman to despair. He always has to walk round a square, take a little, concealed street that runs off at an angle, turn again, and find himself in another square. The beauty of Paris is classic, even in its crowded quarters. Witness the fine photographs in René Clair's last film and the way that the Montmartre flight of steps is arranged, like the stairs of the *Orangerie* at Versailles. The beauty of London is obscured, veiled in mists. Its poetry is made up of strange contrasts. Morand has emphasized the romantic juxtaposition of the elegant quarters and the slums.

'The Thames,' I myself wrote some time ago, 'separates two worlds. You leave the Gothic London of the Renaissance, the London of checkerboard squares, quays planted with trees outside the great hotels, and red streams of vehicles for a city of factories and warehouses, bare walls and square chimneys. The two banks of the Seine form a single whole; the two banks of the Thames, an antithesis.' A book on London must give the reader this impression of immensity, confusion, and beauty.

Morand has succeeded in his task because he is completely impregnated with London. His book on New York was brilliant, his book on London is affectionate. He speaks somewhere in his book of old English leather that has been rubbed for twenty or thirty years and that possesses a sober and intimate glow after such long wear. The image of London that he has engraved for us possesses the beauty of things that are carefully conserved and tenderly repaired. He sincerely loves its life, its petrified customs that have no other meaning than their old age.

'If I gave New York sympathetic but objective attention, I gave London a more profound adhesion. It is a part of my being, four of the most important years of my life. . . . It was at London that I gained my first experience of the highways of the world and divined secrets that books and professors never let me perceive. Little by little I learned what is to-day circulating in every street: a sense of the land. In the bosom of its fog I was initiated into Italy, Flanders, the tropics, and the antipodes. I saw great poverty for the first time and real luxury, too—that is, the best quality in all material things. London is my mascot. Everything I received of it brought me happiness.' Outstanding among his personal memories is a very lively account of the first days of the War as seen by a young embassy attaché. For accurate portraiture I can compare it only to the descriptions given

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by Harold Nicolson, a diplomat similar to Morand, in his excellent life of his father, Lord Carnock.

'Elements of formation and elements of growth,' says Lucien Febvre. This book gives fair consideration to both. It begins by a historic description of the formation of London. It ends with an analysis of English character and the original traits that have made the success of this people possible. Few, indeed, are the foreigners who have understood it. The Continent blames the English for a perfidy that is foreign to them or admires them for a Machiavellism of which they are not capable. One should understand that soundness of character, the product of an education quite different from our own, is their one real strength. André Siegfried, our best international observer, judging by facts at the height of the crisis, despaired of the English. But once again they seem to have conquered. For psychology, with this nation, prevails over economics.

Morand praises them, it seems to me, very justly, where they deserve to be praised: 'A nation with no vainglory, the least pretentious, the least eager for novelties of any, the most indifferent to its exterior, the most jealous of its interior, the most devoted to æsthetics without heroism or redundance, to difficult beauty and invisible luxury.' And further on he writes: 'The beauty of London is in its very nature. Everything is simple there, even the extraordinary. Its orderliness is not administrative; it is moral.'

The book ends with a beautiful prayer on the Thames, a replica of the prayer on the Acropolis that I prefer to the original: 'How can we fail to thank the Eternal that England has never ceased to be a very exclusive club, that virtue takes precedence over equality, that the sneer of Voltaire becomes the smile of Mr. Punch, that what is solid and simple has triumphed over rhetoric, pathos, and pretentiousness, that seeds, stallions, and statesmen are chosen by a process of selection, that hypocrisy is respected in accordance with its merits, that there exists at least one nation in the West that does not exalt work?'

English values are very different from those that are laid before us today as modern. There, thanks to customs and manners admired by all, originality of character is tolerated. Power resides, not in dangerously deified groups, but in individuals, and the most respected man is the amateur, not the professional. The most admired leader is the most taciturn. The eloquence that receives the most attentive hearing is the least brilliant. Morand has been right in revealing to us, apropos of London, that Occidental civilization finds in British individualism a necessary counterpoise to the redoubtable 'efficiency' and the all too voluntary unanimity of thought prevailing among other nations.

DEUTSCHES SCHICKSAL. *By Kasimir Edschmid. Berlin: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1933.*

(Gabriel Marcel in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

'WE'VE lost the war, Bell, and in our present situation we can affirm ourselves only through sacrifice. Unfortunately, that is what those who most passionately desire to put Germany on her feet again least understand. We are not called upon

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to make the kind of sacrifice that involves money or labor, but sacrifices that put one's inner existence at stake.' These words, spoken by Pillau, minister plenipotentiary from Germany to La Paz in Herr Edschmid's novel, seem to me to provide the key to the book. *German Destiny* is a profoundly impressive work in that it expresses a grave, mature patriotism that forces one's respect and that seems to me completely different from the chauvinistic exaltation that the nationalist press beyond the Rhine gives vent to every day.

The leading characters in this novel, from which all love interest is rudely and happily excluded and from which feminine characters are virtually absent, are six Germans who served as officers during the War and, being unable to find employment in their own country, accepted commissions to instruct the Bolivian army. The promises made them were vague enough and two of them let themselves be sidetracked on their way, one to participate in an uprising in Venezuela that was destined to end in bloody failure, the other to help an Argentine *yerba maté* planter whose enterprise was presently ruined by the crisis. The others arrived in La Paz too late. A government hostile to Germany had replaced the one that had invited them, and their inactivity irked them almost to despair in that remote little capital twelve thousand feet above the sea.

In order to get rid of them, the Bolivian Minister of War set a trap into which two of them presently fell. A supposed Paraguayan emissary who was really a spy proposed that they join his government's service and the naïve Germans showed themselves disposed to accept this offer. The next day they were thrown in jail with their leader, Bell, who was irritated, in retrospect, by the credulity of his two companions, and also by their folly and weakness, for they should, after all, have felt themselves bound to the government that had summoned them. After a thousand difficulties, Pillau, who had a stronger will and a clearer head than any other character in the book, succeeded in getting them out of prison. They quit that inhospitable soil, and, later, in Brazil, where they were fighting on the side of the states in revolt against the coffee-producing regions of Rio and São Paulo, they found their former traveling companions again. But as luck would have it these companions had joined service with their adversary. The result was that the German brothers massacred each other without a thought in the confusion of a desperate battle that had almost no meaning at all as far as they were concerned.

I confess I found myself feeling that this end was rather artificial. But the story as a whole possesses great beauty. Kasimir Edschmid has used with astonishing effect the various perspectives that his chosen background affords. Germany is seen at the utmost possible distance, yet also close at hand and intimately through men who feel that they have carried Germany with them in the depths of their hearts in retiring perhaps forever from the dishonorable mess into which their country has fallen. The surface is completely occupied by a South America in which the sinister and the grotesque are mixed in equal measure, so that it seems like a caricature of what our own continent of Europe is per-

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haps about to become. I do not really think that Herr Edschmid designedly imposed this comparison upon us, but he forces us beyond the point that he promised himself to reach. The patriotism of his characters, irritating as it may often be to French readers, must be recognized as something universal, with a value that one should not misunderstand.

I do not pretend to draw any positive conclusion from all this and I certainly do not argue in behalf of a policy that can lead only to cataclysm. Nevertheless, I have the feeling that the author of *German Destiny* is infinitely too independent to support the present régime. What I wish to say simply is that he forces us at least indirectly to recognize that, if a united Europe is possible,—and it certainly is not a sure thing,—we cannot hope to build it without having regard for spiritual qualities such as Pillau incarnates. The dominating values of to-day remain what they have been over the centuries, at least since Christianity has existed: the values of fidelity. But fidelities contradict each other—and it is chimerical to hope that we can transcend them to-day purely and simply because we want to build up an abstract order with them left out. One of the most terrible lessons of these ten years is that such an order is not *loved* by anybody; in other words, it does not yet exist for our souls and nobody is disposed to make the smallest real sacrifice. This is because nobody is fundamentally able to see anything but an arrangement to be made at the cost of a strict minimum of reciprocal concessions. But is patriotism capable of understanding and recognizing in the strongest sense—and that really means loving—a foreign patriotism? There is the heart of the problem, and as for the solution, alas, there are no doubts on that score.

I should like to conclude by pointing out the very curious analogy between *German Destiny* and the novels of M. Malraux. It has the same austerity, the same virile tension, the same way of transforming a pity that will not express itself into a kind of indignation that achieves deliverance.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

A Place in the Sun (for Canned Music)

Instead of superseding the phonograph, the radio seems to have raised it to new heights, not only in the matter of technical improvement, but also in the range of the records now available. This is especially true in Europe, where there is less original broadcasting than with us, the otherwise unoccupied 'radio hours' being filled with phonograph broadcasts. Fine interpretations of even the longest musical classics are frequently recorded, and the newspapers and magazines therefore devote considerable space to reviewing phonograph reproductions.

In a recent issue of *Le Crapouillot*, André Rousseaux cites 1933 as a year that two events in the history of the phonograph have made memorable. The first is the appearance of accompaniment records. By means of these a pianist may play with a world-famous violinist, or a singer may be accompanied by a mechanical Paderewski. M. Rousseaux even expresses the hope that one of the two voices of a vocal duet may be recorded, so that a lady who sings in her living room in the provinces may have the experience of interpreting an operatic rôle under the direction of Furtwängler or Mengelberg with Melchior or Chaliapin opposite her.

The other event is 'the birth of a phonographic theatre,' that is, the producing of scenes or plays written expressly for the phonograph—not just the recording of stage scenes. 'It will employ all the methods offered by the technique of the phonograph to express a poetry that will be its own.' The first productions of the phonograph theatre—some children's operettas—have been most successful, and now *Hamlet* has been adapted to the talking machine. To quote again, 'Jean Variot has exalted the mystery of *Hamlet*, and, far from committing a sacrilege, has used Shakespeare as Racine did Euripides.' Granted that this is somewhat exaggerated, still the phonograph record has undoubtedly come up in the world.

The P. E. N. Clubs and the Nazis

German Fascism turned the Eleventh International Congress of the P. E. N. Clubs just held in Ragusa, Yugoslavia, into a rough and tumble farce. The leading characters included the German, Swiss, and Italian delegations, representing Fascism, Ernst Toller as the spokesman of the anti-Fascists, H. G. Wells as the anything but impartial chairman, and Benjamin Crémieux and Jules Romains as the middle-ground representatives of France. The best account of the goings on that we saw appeared in the Hitlerized *Literarische Welt* of Berlin, whose special correspondent, Wladimir von Hartlieb, gave this description of the fray:—

'After excited preliminary discussions, a conciliatory atmosphere prevailed. One had the feeling that diplomatic procedure would keep up appearances and minimize the conflicts between the two intellectual worlds of our time. When the congress again assembled, the Germans and French agreed to modify the text of a resolution that had been drawn against Germany and change it to a harmless statement to which the Germans were able to agree.

'Then the bomb that broke up the congress exploded. The Germans had stipulated that there should be no more speeches without a preliminary vote because they feared an attack from adherents of the extreme left, who were unwilling to compromise. At once it became evident that Wells, the English chairman of the congress, did not accept this condition. Suddenly, to everyone's consternation, Herr Ernst Toller jumped up on the

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platform, although he had not appeared on the scene before. Wells gave him the floor. In the midst of excitement and incredible uproar from all sides, the German delegation got up, protested against the procedure of the chair, since giving Herr Toller the floor amounted to breaking up the congress, and left the room.

'It was generally asserted that Toller had been brought secretly to Ragusa by the English in an automobile in order to make his surprise appearance and carry out his attack on the German delegation. Even the French behaved quite fairly, because they had agreed on a compromise with the Germans. They protested violently against Wells's procedure and said some very terrible things against him through the mouth of Crémieux.

'From my seat I kept interrupting the speaker with repeated objections that created great confusion among the majority of those present. All the fanaticism of the enemies of present Germany was concentrated against me. For ten minutes I played the little "historic rôle" that destiny had assigned to me. But Toller surprised me. Though I had never overestimated his intellectual qualities, I had considered him a real fanatic. But the man I saw and heard was nothing but a *poseur*, a routine comedian to whom nothing seems genuine because he is a *littérateur* in the worst sense of the word and thinks only of effect and applause. The content of his speech was pathetic and parts of it were ridiculous. Nothing would be easier than to reduce his statements to absurdity. Of course, he was overwhelmed with applause. The Italian, Marinetti, however, did not clap, but kept scratching his head while Toller was speaking.'

At this point we insert a portion of Toller's speech, which appeared in the *Neue Weltbühne*, a liberal weekly published by German *émigrés* in Prague.

'Last year in Budapest Herren Schmidt-Pauli and Elster, who are now official German delegates to the P. E. N. Clubs Congress, voted in behalf of a resolution against persecuting books and writers for their opinions. What did they do when the German writers, Ludwig Renn, Ossietzky, Mühsam, Duncker, Wittfogel, as well as tens of thousands of German workers, were imprisoned? What has the German P. E. N. Club done by way of protest against the dismissal of the most important German professors and scholars, who must now live abroad, in exile, away from their work, and are no more able to serve Germany and humanity? People in Germany will attack me and say that I have spoken against Germany. That is not true. I am attacking the methods of the men who are now ruling Germany but who have no right to identify themselves with Germany. Millions of people in Germany cannot speak and write freely. When I speak here I am speaking for these millions who have no voice of their own. The masters of Germany claim to be the heirs of the great spirits, but how can they reconcile the spiritual teachings of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Herder, Wieland, and Lessing with the persecution of millions of human beings?

'Madness rules our time, and barbarism rules humanity. The air about us grows thinner and thinner. Let us not deceive ourselves. The voice of the spirit, the voice of humanity will be heeded by the mighty only provided it serves as a façade for political purposes. Let us not deceive ourselves. Politicians merely tolerate us, and they begin persecuting us if we cause discomfort. But the voice of truth was never comfortable. In every century, whether we think of Socrates, Giordano Bruno, or Spinoza, men of truth were attacked, persecuted, and killed because they did not bow down but preferred death to falsehood, because they believed in a world of freedom, justice, and humanity. I doubt if we shall find many opportunities in this Europe of ours to gather together and talk. Any man who rebels to-day is in danger. We must therefore overcome the fear that stultifies and

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shames us. We fight in many ways and we may find ourselves fighting against each other, but in all of us there dwells the knowledge of a humanity that is free from barbarism, lies, social injustice, and oppression.'

But Wladimir von Hartlieb had more up-to-date views:—

'There is to-day a declining and rising world. Neither one will be affected by statutes and resolutions. The liberal, rationalistic period, the period of opportunistic belief in progress is ended. The progressives of yesterday are the reactionaries of to-day. The Ragusa congress heard a great deal of the vocabulary of the French Revolution, but the big words sounded empty. Is the French language a dead one? To this paradoxical question there is a paradoxical answer. There is a form of the French language that has outlived its day, and the statutes of the P. E. N. Clubs are written in this language, in the bombastic ideology of freedom and Philistinism. This in no way alters the fact that three great states in Europe belong to another period, although they stand at opposite poles. On the one pole stand Germany and Italy, the two most highly developed of the three countries, without whom Europe would be impossible. Do the P. E. N. Clubs still exist? Yes, if they do not take themselves too seriously and give themselves over to Olympic gestures. For there is no Olympus higher than the nations, and there is no nation that would be so absurd as to say, "First literature, and then I." For literature to exist, a nation must exist first, and the P. E. N. Clubs must understand that.'

But H. G. Wells took a different view. He said that two new needs are now pressing upon the world—the need for unification in the form of a world commonwealth and the need for discipline. But they 'seem to' be in conflict.

'I say "seem to,"' said Mr. Wells, 'because I am inclined to think that the real issue is not between discipline and liberty, but about the objective toward which our discipline ought to be directed.

'Those who are most inclined to stress the first idea—of a world commonwealth—since it is a thing that is still in the making, since it demands freshness as well as exactitude of ideas, are all for liberty of expression, liberty of publication. But those who stress the second idea—the idea of discipline—are all too apt to revert to old patriotisms, old loyalties, old-fashioned established values, as a basis for their disciplinary rules, and to suppress the free development of new customs and the development of new directive ideas. They show a tendency everywhere to restrict discussion and to seize upon education, the press, literature, and the general instruction of the people in order to capture its will from the beginning.

'Now I am not thinking of only one country when I view this antagonism. It is as true of internationalist Marxist Russia as of Fascist Italy. It occurs everywhere. To go as you please becomes impossible. We have to march. The real issue is, where are we marching? Are we to march to world union and world peace, or are we to be marched back to perpetual separation and endless war?

'It seems to me that the time has come for our federation of societies to choose definitely between making the world commonwealth the guiding conception of its organization, or relapsing into a mere meeting ground for the mutual complements of narrow and repressive cults. What line are we to take?

'I think a decision on that alternative is forced upon us now; I believe we must make that decision within a year. I hope we shall not attempt to make it at once, but at this conference we shall open our minds to all the alternatives involved. Then we shall know where we stand, whether we stand for reaction or whether we stand for the world commonwealth.'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

IT IS becoming increasingly evident that virtually all talk about social problems owes whatever real meaning it may possess to an intelligent appreciation of underlying material factors—or, if that phrase be too disturbing, physical ones. Which is merely another way of saying that our present high-speed civilization can no longer be operated by an assemblage of more or less imponderable absolutes. Since the commencement of the Industrial Revolution—especially during the present century—we have been irrevocably committed to what Veblen called the 'matter-of-fact insight' which only science can effectively give, and to that enormous complex of technical procedures which alone can translate this insight into an effective control of the human environment. Formerly a reasonably static organism accountable for its activities to the human forces that so severely limited its development, society in the Western world and in parts of the Orient has now become a dynamic aggregate working almost entirely under the sanctions of non-human power. This fact, no longer a novelty in a world where engineers like Fred Henderson, Bassett Jones, and Walter N. Polakov and scientists like Frederick Soddy are thinking in broad social terms, and where economic radicals like Major C. H. Douglas and Howard Scott are attacking the *status quo*, has even penetrated irreproachably conservative circles. Thus we read in the 'Committee Findings' of President Hoover's Committee on Recent Social Trends, that 'modern civilization rests upon power, upon energy derived from inorganic rather than human or animal sources.'

If we accept these clear proofs of the accelerating social change due to the basic sciences and their technological counterparts, then any honest effort to show the network of interlocking relationships between 'the sciences and society' would seem in order. It would be difficult to exaggerate the vital significance for our time of the activities of scientists and technicians throughout the world. The recent meetings at Chicago of forty federated learned societies that issued twelve hundred papers covering every field of knowledge and entertained twenty-seven of Europe's most distinguished savants have far more than a harmless 'cultural' bearing upon the character and direction of social forces. After ten years of work, a member of the research staff of the RCA-Victor Company devises the 'iconoscope,' an instrument based upon the principle of the photo-electric cell which can reach an efficiency 70,000 times that of the human eye and can actually store up images for future recall through a 'mechanical memory' lodged in a mosaic of 3,000,000 cells. Karl Jansky, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, presents further evidence of short-wave radiation striking the earth from sources in the Milky Way. Artificial duplication of this wave length may result in transmission of messages to points within the solar system —and beyond.

AGAINST this background of practical discovery it is interesting to set the opinions of some of the more philosophical scientists. There is A. P. M. Fleming, for instance, engineer of the Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Company of England. In a long and significant speech before five scientific societies at Chicago, Mr. Fleming sketched the coming conflict between two 'world brains': that of Communist Russia and that of capitalist Europe and America. For him the outstanding problems of the age are unemployment and the coördination of all scientific knowledge in the interests of world security. What, for example, is one to think when this man, the technical representative of one

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of the most powerful armament monopolies in the world, is reported as saying: 'It is significant that under the threat of military aggression nations deliberately coöperated to establish the means for the destruction of material assets—an impulse which is singularly lacking at a time when there is the greatest need for coöperative effort to reëstablish economic prosperity'? And Mr. Fleming, with a far from jaundiced eye on Russia, which he admits contains 'a larger body of organized research workers under unified control than exists in any other individual country in the world,' thus concludes an engineer's view of world conditions:—

> Recognizing the increasing need for all kinds of international coöperation; having regard to the challenge of the U. S. S. R.; and above all viewing the importance of the social-economic problems of unemployment, there appears to be great justification for a consideration of the pooling of scientific resources and experience for the ultimate common economic welfare of all countries.

The point of all these remarks and quotations may best be driven home by citing the words of one of the most brilliant and well-informed of contemporary scientists—J. B. S. Haldane. In an essay on 'Science in Western Civilization' (included in his last book, *Science and Human Life*) Haldane tersely claims that 'there has been a complete failure [on the part of the world] to integrate into its intellectual structure the scientific ideas that have furnished its material structure.' This unwholesome divergence between practice and belief leads him to reflect 'that as the ideals of pure science become more and more remote from those of the general public, science will tend to degenerate more and more into medical and engineering technology, just as art may degenerate into illustration and religion into ritual when they lose the vital spark. That tendency in science is going on to-day in many countries.'

It is for these reasons that THE LIVING AGE initiates, with this issue, a department on the sciences and society based on the underlying conviction that science, technology, and society are three mutually dependent aspects of one great problem—the progressive emancipation of man from the burden of insecurity and the liberation of human energies for other than compulsive labors in a world whose age-long scarcity man has himself transformed into abundance.

JULIAN HUXLEY'S radio talk on 'The Age of Planned Power,' reprinted in last month's LIVING AGE, is a further indication of what the future holds in store for the countries of the world—if they will recognize their obligation to nature and to natural sources of energy. An interesting side light on his main contention—that living plants may in time come to be the principal (because indefinitely renewable) source of power—is to be found in a technical monograph on 'Water Hyacinths as a Source of Power' by Professor Dr. Hemendrakumar Sen, published in one of the volumes of transactions issued by the World Power Conference during its 1930 meetings at Berlin. This particular plant has long been a first-class nuisance in certain parts of India, but Dr. Sen's researches have shown that it contains chemical virtues which, with proper treatment, may turn it into an economic necessity. Writing of the situation in lower Bengal, where over 4,000 square miles are dotted with luxuriant growths of water hyacinth, Dr. Sen says:—

> The growth of the plant is so fast that an area cleared has been known to be equally dense again in less than two months. . . . There is in Bengal alone at the lowest computation 107 million tons of green water hyacinth, or 5.3 million tons of air-dried plants, containing over half a million tons of potassium chloride and 65,000 tons of ammonia. Besides, the fibre, on digestion with sulphuric acid, can give 69 million gallons of 90 per cent alcohol.

Of course, this alcohol content would need further reduction to establish sufficient purity for use with other fuels, but this technical problem is more than com-

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pensated by the gains that can be anticipated from a systematic conversion of the water hyacinth into utilizable forms of energy, both chemical and mechanical.

In the United States, advocates of the use of alcohol with gasoline as a motor fuel claim that a law requiring a 10 per cent mixture by volume of alcohol would result in an annual market for over one and a half million gallons of alcohol, an amount equivalent to 680,000,000 bushels of corn, or 750,000,000 bushels of wheat. The present low wheat crop, even with the 350 million bushel carry-over, would barely serve to produce this amount of alcohol, but there is the further fact that molasses (a by-product of sugar) yields a generous percentage of the proposed new fuel.

Oil companies, however, do not like the idea; they claim that a national 10-per-cent alcohol law would necessitate new investments of from three to five hundred million dollars in grain-alcohol plants, most of which would need ten years to amortize their bonds. They point out also that alcohol blends are unstable in the presence of small amounts of water, and that the present cost of the blend would be at least three cents more than that of straight gasoline. On the other hand, the 437,888,000 barrels of gasoline used in the United States in 1931 represent a crude-oil production of over 850 million barrels. On the basis of proved oil reserves, as estimated by Mr. V. R. Garfias, of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, this rate of consumption would carry us about twenty years. Even the more optimistic estimate of Gustave Egloff, Director of Research of the Universal Oil Products Company, increases this by only forty years for world consumption at present rates. So, whether we like it or not, it will eventually become necessary to turn from what the geologist calls 'fossil fuels' to the practically unlimited sources of energy locked up in those remarkable solar engines, living plants.

IN SHARP contrast with the fanfare and hurly-burly that has characterized every incident of the highly dramatized World Economic Conference at London, the Fifth Sectional Meeting of the World Power Conference quietly opened its proceedings in Stockholm on the 26th of June, to close fifteen days later, after the presentation of over two hundred technical papers on every phase of the vital matters selected for study and discussion. These matters, as outlined in the advance bulletins of the conference, were: energy problems of large-scale industry and of transportation, including such questions as energy supply, power, and heat; special energy problems of the iron and steel, transportation and electrical industries; the economic importance of mechanization in all large-scale industrial operations; and—in conjunction with the First Plenary Meeting of the International Commission of Large Dams—forty-one reports on the technical and economic aspects of hydro-electric power throughout the world.

These meetings, which have thus far received almost no serious attention in the general press, were attended by representatives of fifty-six countries, and the final proceedings will be issued in eighteen or twenty impressive volumes of transactions, to take their place with those published since 1924, when the First World Power Conference met at London. It is worth noting that the Soviet representatives presented fifteen papers (including one on the Dnieprostroi Dam), six more than the total from the United States, and that the majority of papers (thirty-eight) came under Section 1a: Electrical Energy in Large-Scale Industry.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

England on Morgan

SURPRISINGLY little comment on the Morgan investigation appeared in the foreign press and only a few English journals gave the matter serious attention. The London *Economist*, edited by Sir Walter Layton and generally regarded as the leading financial publication in the world, came to these conclusions:—

There are several points which in the light of experience are open to criticism and call for action. One is the wide margin that frequently exists between the capital subscribed by the public and the amount received by a company making a new issue. In the case of the Alleghany Corporation, for example, those of the public who were fortunate enough to get in at all at the issue price paid $24 per share; Morgan's received their portion of shares at $20, and passed them on at this price to the favored few. These persons do not appear to have been giving any real assistance in the retail distribution of the shares, and their action would hardly be interpreted as underwriting in the usual sense of the term. Nevertheless, the 'rake-off' of one dollar in six would have been a very substantial commission even if it had promoted the general interest by stimulating a flow of capital performing both these functions. It should be possible to include provisions in company legislation that would prevent lower prices' being charged to insiders, except as a commission for bona-fide distribution or underwriting services.

But the price at which the 'insiders' were enabled to purchase the Alleghany stock was even more remarkable in view of the market quotation, which quickly rose to $35. If this was the market figure, the corporation should have been able to raise a higher capital on its assets. Now if shares can be rushed up to fancy prices almost as soon as the issue is floated—and there are countless similar instances in our own country as well as in America—the investment banker has an opportunity of enormous profit in addition to his issuing commission. Legal regulation of this abuse would be more difficult, since it is fully possible for the most honorable and skillful banker to make an inaccurate estimate of the appetite of the public. The remedy is to educate the public to suspect either the honesty or the competence of an issuing house that underestimates by nearly a third the market valuation of its client's assets.

The case of the Alleghany Corporation suggests a third ground for reform, which, strangely enough, has not been very forcibly brought out in the present investigation. The public were induced to subscribe not only for the common stock of the corporation, but also for 75 million dollars' worth of its bonds. These bonds were largely secured on no more substantial a basis than the ordinary shares of a group of railroads and railroad holding companies. In our judgment the issue of what purport to be safe, fixed-interest bonds upon such unstable security is a thoroughly vicious practice.

These defects of the present system of capital investment could, perhaps, be condoned if the capital market were composed exclusively of thoroughly informed persons, fully conscious of the risks they were taking. If that were so, the doctrine of *caveat emptor* would be adequate justification for any action that was not deliberately deceitful. But the capital market is not made up entirely of such persons. Even in England, where the hawking of securities is forbidden and the solicitation of the investor is severely limited, there

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are still too many opportunities for taking advantage of him. In the United States the position is far worse. Messrs. Morgan have never employed itinerant salesmen, but in that respect they are an almost unique exception. During the boom period the country was overrun by a swarm of salesmen, representing bond houses large and small, who used every fair, and many an unfair, inducement to attract the savings of the investor into the Stock Exchange. In these circumstances, the issue of bad securities and the extortion of undue profits from the issue even of good securities are clear instances of interests which, in the President's words, 'do not coincide with the interests of the nation as a whole.'

It is easy to be wise after the event, and the cloud of prejudice aroused by the Morgan inquiry may yet be thick enough to obscure all useful purposes. But the inquiry will have proved worth while if it leads to a fresh and drastic revision, not only in America, but also in England, of both the law and the practice of company finance, and of the mechanism by which capital is supplied to industry and commerce.

The *New Statesman and Nation*, which calls itself an 'independent weekly of the left,' comments much more sharply:—

The Senate investigation of J. P. Morgan and Company is both funny and important. On the comic side may be mentioned the revelation that the present Secretary of the Treasury, on being offered his very private chance to buy securities at lower than the market value, was filled with such exaltation that he closed his letter of acceptance to the Morgan company with the phrase, 'May God bless you.' It is only fair to add that Mr. Woodin was not at that time holding, or contemplating, public office. A more serious feature of the investigation is the fact that among the dozens of men involved in public affairs who were offered these barefaced favors only one, to date, appears to have refused—one man valued his pride and dignity above this legal and inconspicuous chance to lift some money from the gutter. For it is impossible to imagine that anyone thought he was being offered such lucrative favors for the sheer beauty of his face or character. The favors must have been accepted either with the intention of paying for them if the chance arose, or else of refusing to pay for them. In either case, the recipient's morals would look a little shady. The best feature of the investigation is the spirit in which it is received by the country. A few years ago there would have been a widespread feeling that since the Morgan partners had been clever enough to keep within the letter of the law, but still to become (or to remain) very rich, they were clearly a group of supermen. To-day they are seen in something closer to their proper colors. At the same time, the type of international finance that they represent is sinking into deeper disrepute—a fact of importance to those who believe that America can be induced to return to the system of loan-built foreign trade. Morgan and Company is one of the most honorable and careful firms in American high finance. Among the firms to which the Senate Committee is soon to turn its attention is one which, during the great days of Harding and Coolidge, had the reputation in New York of being the shadiest thing that had yet been seen. The world's somewhat callous conscience may have a new shock yet.

Ortega on America

ORTEGA Y GASSET, the sage of Spain whose ruminations on the fate of the world in general appear elsewhere in this issue, wrote an entire article on the United States for the *Europäische Revue* of Berlin. The gist of his case is contained in the final third of the essay, which we reproduce here:—

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The colonial man is a man of old and advanced race whose inner being has reverted to a primitive state while his vital exterior stands at the zenith of contemporary civilization. This living anachronism, this essential disunity is the cause of the optical illusion to which the American man is forever giving rise. If we are candid, we feel, whether we will or no, an exceptional uneasiness in our contacts with him. No attitude that we adopt toward him is satisfactory; we must always supplement it by its opposite. And the reason for this is that the two zones of his being, the peripheral and the inner psychic, belong to different periods of time.

In our understanding of man in general we are often led astray by a false idea. We assume that the human personality is formed from a central nucleus, its innermost essence, which grows and become stronger and more perfect until it reaches the periphery and there forms our social ego, that part of ourselves which we turn to our fellow men. Actually, what happens is just the opposite. The first part of a person to be formed is his social person, the aggregate of actions, standards, ideas, habits, and tendencies of which his intercourse with others consists. Man can therefore succeed—as in the case of the Americans—in presenting a very civilized and estimable social personality with many virtues or at least accomplishments, while his inner being is as good as nonexistent. Such a person may be compared with a hollow ball: the wall of the ball, the social development of the person, is more or less thick, but the central space behind is empty. In proportion as personal culture becomes complete, the wall grows inward and endows the individual with layers that lie nearer and nearer to the centre. The ideal aim of development is for this psychic ball to become completely compact and solid.

It is to be noted that the two mental zones, the peripheral and the inner, are of an entirely different order. The former consists of anonymous, assumed property, of thoughts that all the world thinks, of impulses to action shared by all the milieu, of passing preferences and dislikes. It thus constitutes a low form of mentality, close to the mechanical processes. The inner region, on the contrary, includes only thoughts that the individual has created or re-created from his own resources, moral evaluations that arise with complete independence in the original solitude of his being, apart from his fellow men. All these things, the most valuable and deepest forces of the spirit, require a long time to develop within the individual, and it is they that we value. In short, it is a question of man's decisive attributes—intellectual, ethical, and so on. And we can say of a man that he is a complete person only if he possesses these qualities, which constitute his inalienable essence, as a permanent possession in the depths of his soul. He who has at his disposal only a repertory of adopted modes of conduct can behave correctly only in stereotyped situations in keeping with this repertory. Put him in a new situation and he will be helpless and ignorant of what to do because he has no creative powers of his own to fall back on.

The standardization of the American has nothing to do with his cultural level or educational system, but is a direct indication of his primitiveness. He is still suffering from inner emptiness. When, through contact with him, we penetrate his inner being, we are obliged to form a lower estimate of him. The American woman is the best example of that contradiction between perfection of exterior and immaturity of interior which is so revelatory of the primitiveness of the American man.

It would be the reader's fault, and not mine, if he were to read into this characterization a criticism and condemnation of the American way of life. With equal justice it would have to be accounted a reproach if we were to say of a man that he is still young. For it is clear that this

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attribute designates the essential deficiency of youth as well as its enviable qualities. To be young means to be not yet existent. And that is just what I have sought to express here in other words: America is not yet existent. Its history has not yet begun. It is living in its own prehistory. And in prehistory there are no heroes and no individual destinies; circumstances alone rule. America to-day is not yet the name of a people or of several peoples; it is the name of a step, a stage of historic existence, the step and the stage of colonial life.

This is the reason why it seems to be an unpardonable error on the part of Europe to believe that America represents a new standard of life. It is as if an old man were to say regarding the new generation: 'Look at those young people! They have discovered something marvelous and unprecedented—the condition of being twenty years old.' Actually, its youth is the one quality that we ought to copy from America, and this particular thing unfortunately cannot be copied. America, on the other hand, is now beginning to copy us in a fundamental respect; namely, it is beginning to make history and to experience the difficulties that await every people when it outgrows its primitive period. For—we must not seek to conceal the fact—colonial life means life *ex abundantia*, and history is threatened life, life under the merciless pressure of infinite destiny.

Manchuria and Nicaragua

SMARTING under American criticism of the Manchurian campaign, the Japanese press has frequently accused the United States of having acted just as badly in Nicaragua as Japan did in what is now Manchukuo. The *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, a liberal, American-owned journal, comments as follows in this connection:—

While it is impossible to forecast what is likely to happen eventually as a result of Japan's intervention and occupation of Manchuria, which is now extending well into its second year, it is nevertheless possible to call attention to several important contrasts with respect to the American action in Central America. In the first place, American military officers did not 'frame' a railway accident in order to precipitate and justify intervention, as the Japanese military did at Mukden during the night of September 18, 1931. In the second place, America did not overthrow the existing Nicaraguan authorities and convert the country into a 'puppet' state supported by an 'iron ring' of American advisers, as the Japanese have done at Changchun. Thirdly, the United States did not go outside of the territory and bring back an ousted and discredited king and make him chief executive under an ambiguous title, leaving the way open for the re-creation of a monarchy. Fourthly, the United States did not make a treaty with Nicaragua giving the United States the right to station troops permanently within the country and turning over to them the sole right of foreign defense, as the Japanese military have done in the so-called Japan-Manchukuo protocol. Fifthly, the American forces assisted the Nicaraguans in the holding of free, fair, and impartial elections, whereby the people were enabled to exercise their choice in the selection of their own chief executive. Sixthly, the American army and navy did not take advantage of the opportunity to declare a military dictatorship at home in order that all contrary opinion might be ruthlessly suppressed. And, finally, the American forces were entirely evacuated, thus leaving Nicaragua with its territorial and political integrity unimpaired.

The *Review* respectfully recommends the perusal of the foregoing paragraphs to the editors of Japanese newspapers with full permission to reprint either with or without credit to this publication!

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

BADEN. Sundays, July–August, Derby.
LINZ. September–October, Art Exhibition.
VIENNA. Beginning of September, Derby; *September 3–10,* International Fair.

Belgium

ANTWERP. Mondays, August–September 11, Carillon Concerts; *August 12–15, 20,* Communal Fêtes.
BRUSSELS. September 23–October 8, Food Show in the Palais de l'Habitation.
LIÉGE. September 1–15, Commercial Fair.
LOUVAIN. September 3, Opening of the local Kirmess.
TOURNAI. September 10, Historic Procession with Twenty-Five Thousand Participants.

Canada

OTTAWA. August 20–September 1, Canadian Bar Association Convention.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 10, Festival commemorating the founding of the Republic.

Czechoslovakia

BRATISLAVA. August 27–September 3, International Cycle Race: Prague–Karlsbad–Prague; *September 9–11,* Congress of Slavonic Jurists.
BRNO. September 17, Masaryk Ring International Automobile Races.
ČESKÉ BUDĚJOVICE. August 13–19, International Canoe and Kayak Regatta.
HOŘICE. Sundays, August, Passion Play.
LIBEREC. August 12–18, Trade Fair.
PARDUBICE. September 3, Czechoslovak Gold-Helmet Motor-Cycle Races.
PRAGUE. August 19–20, European Canoe and Kayak Championships; *20,* International Conference of Canoe Clubs; *September 16–17,* II Tyrs National Games (light athletics); *24,* Rugby Football: Czechoslovakia *v.* Germany.
RUŽOMBEROK-PIEŠTANY-SPA. August 21–27, International Canoe and Kayak Excursion on the River Váh.
SLAVONICE. October 15, Autumn Eucharistic Pilgrimage and Festival.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. August 14–20, The Copenhagen Ball Club's International Tennis Championship; *20–21,* Danish Athletic Championship; *October 8,* Football Matches: Denmark *v.* Finland.

England

BATH. September 19, Autumn Open Bow Meeting.
BRIGHTON. August 30, Dog Show.
HEREFORD. September 3–8, Three Choirs Festival.
LEICESTER. September 6–13, Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.
LICHFIELD. September 19, Celebration of Dr. Johnson's Birthday.
LONDON. August 28–September 11, Model Engineering Exhibition at Old Horticultural Hall; *September 2–9,* Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition; *7–23,* Shipping, Engineering, and Machinery Exhibition; *9–October 7,* Royal Photographic Society's International Exhibition; *15–16,* National Rose Society's Flower Show; *16–22,* Grocers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition; *25–29,* International Chemists' Exhibition; *October 2–6,* International Shoe and Leather Fair; *12–21,* Motor Show; *18–November 3,* Brewers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition; *24–25,* Orchid Flower Show.
NORTHAMPTON. August 28, Association of Organists' Congress; *September 19,* Ram Fair and Cheese Fair.
SCARBOROUGH. August 17–19, York-

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shire Lawn Tennis Championships; *21–26*, North of England Championships; *September 2–12*, Cricket Festival.
SOUTHPORT. August 23–25, Flower Show.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Until September 9, Shakespeare Dramatic Festival; *October 12*, Mop Fair.
TORQUAY. August 21–23, Regatta.

GERMANY

BAD ELSTER. August 17, 31, September 14, Master and Symphony Concerts; *early September*, German Sports Physicians' Meeting.
BAD HOMBURG. August, Modern Photographic Exposition; *early October*, Fruit Show.
BAD ILMENAU. August 27, Grand Historical Folk Festival arranged by the Goethe Committee.
BERLIN. Late August, Tenth German Radio Exposition.
BRESLAU. Late August, German Forest Association's Annual Meeting; *September 1–3*, German Dentists' Day.
KÖNIGSBERG. August 20–23, German Eastern Fair.
LEIPZIG. August 27–September 1, General Samples and Building Fair.
MUNICH. Beginning September 8, Richard Strauss and Hans Pfitzner Weeks.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. August 31, Queen's Birthday.

IRELAND

BELFAST. September 2, Royal Automobile Club's Tourist Trophy Race.
DUBLIN. September 3, All-Ireland Hurling Final.
CURRAGH. September 20–21, Racing, including Irish St. Leger.

SCOTLAND

NATIONAL SPORTS. September 1, Partridge Shooting begins; *October 2*, Pheasant Shooting begins.
ABOYNE. September 6, Highland Games.
BRAEMAR. September 7, Royal Highland Gathering.
DUMFRIES. September 28, Rood Fair.
INVERNESS. September 14–15, Northern Meeting, Highland Gathering.

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM. September 3–6, Thirteenth International Congress of Students of Art History.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. August 20, Alpine Festival at Engstligen Alp.
BASEL. September 1, Municipal Theatre Winter Season begins.
CHAUX-DE-FONDS. August 15–September 15, First Swiss Watch and Clock Exhibition.
EINSIEDELN. September 14, St. Michael's Day Procession.
FRIBOURG. October 5–16, Food Products Fair.
INTERLAKEN. September 2–3, Jubilee Festival of the Swiss Fishing Association; *15*, Opening of Chamois Hunting.
MONTANA-VERMALA. August 15, Local Annual Festival with Pageant.
MONTREUX. August 29, Loie Fuller Ballet Performances at Montreux Beach; European and North African Rotary International.
ZÜRICH. August 23–October 15, Poster Exhibition at Industrial Art Museum; *26–27*, Fiftieth Anniversary Festival of the Swiss Press Association; *26–September 2*, Fiftieth Anniversary Festival of the Swiss Cycle Association; *26–September 16*, Exhibition for the Propagation of the Graphic Arts.

WALES

ABERYSTWYTH. August 16, Welsh Carnival.

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

DURING the past few months THE LIVING AGE has been quietly building up one of its most valuable departments—the Advisory Council. Over six hundred men and women, eminent in every walk of life, have already put at our disposition their experience, prestige, and support to further the task on which we in this office are engaged. By next month our list of membership will be still further enlarged and will be published in full, so far as then organized, in the magazine. Meanwhile, we are instituting this department, which will chronicle from time to time the outstanding activities of some of the individuals whose suggestions and advice, as members of the Advisory Council, will add materially to the value of the magazine.

SEVERAL recently appointed Ambassadors and Ministers belong to the newly formed group, Jesse Isidor Straus among them. Speaking in Paris about the 'brain trust,' Mr. Straus described its history and personnel for the benefit of the French public:—

'The "brain trust" started about a year ago last March and was, in the beginning, composed of Raymond C. Moley, Rexford G. Tugwell and Adolph A. Berle, all of whom were constant companions of Mr. Roosevelt, who was then Governor, and who called into their conferences a number of others, including Samuel Rosenman, General Hugh Johnson, and Dr. Frank W. Taussig.

'They are men of varying types of mind and experience, united in common loyalty to their chief, and although they have been sometimes slightingly referred to as pure theorists, the scope of their activities and the way in which they are working in the government departments in Washington may be taken as evidence of their broad-mindedness and their practicality.

'And the way Mr. Roosevelt listens to their advice may be taken as evidence of his desire to hear and understand every point of view before making up his own mind and arriving at his own decisions.'

SUMNER WELLES, Ambassador to Cuba, is another member of our Advisory Council who occupies an important diplomatic post. Originally appointed chief of the Department of State's Latin American section with the rank of Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Welles was dispatched to Havana when it became evident, shortly after Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, that trouble was brewing. He was promptly accepted as mediator of the dispute between President Machado and the leaders of the A B C, Cuba's largest revolutionary organization. Mr. Welles is no novice at Latin American arbitration, having settled similar disputes in the Dominican Republic and Honduras.

THREE members of our Advisory Council figured prominently at a dinner given by the Italy-America Society in honor of Breckinridge Long, newly appointed Ambassador to Italy. They included Mr. Long himself; Richard Washburn Child, a previous Ambassador; and Henry Rogers Winthrop, president of the Society.

NOR is Mr. Child the only ex-Ambassador on our list. James W. Gerard, war-time Ambassador to Germany, remains active in public life. Speaking under the auspices of the Junior Division of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Mr. Gerard prophesied a return of the Hohenzollerns in Germany:—

'I think I see a return of the monarchy. When Hindenburg passes away the Hohenzollerns will be restored and persecution of the Jews will end. That

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extraordinary man, Hitler, made use of anti-Jewish prejudice in his march toward power; he played on the emotions of his followers and made a scapegoat of the Jewish race and religion. But it can't continue.'

RAY LYMAN WILBUR, former Secretary of the Interior, has been a member of our Advisory Council for five years. His successor in office, Harold L. Ickes, has also joined, and we are glad to record these outspoken paragraphs from the address he delivered at the Washington and Jefferson College's commencement-day exercises, at which he was awarded an honorary degree:—

'We are in the midst of a social revolution to-day, not only in America, but in every country of the world. We have lost our old sureness, our old confidence that we are particularly favored of God, that nothing can happen to us, the best of all people, in the best of all countries, in the best of all worlds.

'We are accustoming ourselves to drastic changes in our modes of living. Hesitantly, even fearfully, we are embarking on new social adventures just as surely as our forefathers set out on untrodden and uncharted paths.

'I have always been impatient with the attitude that has been all too prevalent among the more prosperous and better educated sections of our society, that the government is outside the range of their interests. Government is never corrupt or sordid or ineffectual unless the people that it expresses are corrupt or sordid or ineffectual.'

HARRY ARTHUR HOPF, president of H. A. Hopf and Company, management engineers of New York City, and member of our Advisory Council, expressed the views of many business leaders when he told the National Office Management Association at its fourteenth annual convention that business management is under an 'imperative obligation to follow President Roosevelt's leadership in adapting old methods to fit a new order, an order in which business will thrive because those who make business possible are fairly and intelligently treated by business.' Mr. Hopf then drew these lessons from the depression:—

'If the depression has taught us one truth, it has taught us, painfully, that prosperity is dependent upon stability of income, stability of employment, and satisfaction of the needs of the great mass of the working classes. Unless management satisfies these voluntarily, it will do so involuntarily. Already we are faced with social and industrial legislation which three years ago we should have regarded as impossible, certainly within a decade or two. If management had squarely and adequately met the responsibilities of its task such legislation most likely would not be necessary. As it is, enactment of that legislation represents probably the only way to raise conditions as a whole to decent levels.'

SEVERAL women of distinction are represented on our Council—Edna St. Vincent Millay, Gertrude Atherton, Frances Winwar, winner of this year's *Atlantic Monthly* non-fiction prize, and Dr. Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College and former American representative at the Disarmament Conference. Pleading for 'education for peace,'—a work in which THE LIVING AGE is as actively engaged as any organization in the country,—Dr. Woolley recently told a New York audience:—

'Education for peace is no longer to be left for chance, a haphazard thing that may or may not be accomplished. Rather it is to be a deliberate, self-conscious effort. Education for war has not been left to chance throughout the ages. Vast sums of money have been spent in education for war; some of the ablest minds have been occupied with the teaching of the art of war. Now there must be a right-about face and education for peace.'

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

THERE is, in our opinion, no more accomplished critic writing in the English language to-day than Desmond MacCarthy. He was a friend and admirer of Arnold Bennett, but not a blind one, and he takes the third volume, just published, of Bennett's Diaries as his text for an estimation of the man's work. He compares him to Trollope and prophesies that there will be a Bennett revival fifty years hence, just as Trollope has come into his own now that he has been dead and buried fifty years.

GERALD GOULD, weekly reviewer of novels for the London *Observer* and weekly essayist for the *Week-end Review*, attempts the difficult task of retelling the story of *Hamlet* in the manner of T. S. Eliot. To our mind, however, his burlesque reads as much like a parody of Ring Lardner as of Eliot. It is a witty performance and—*mirabile dictu*—contains none of those flaws which mar almost every English effort we have ever seen to write American slang.

WE are instituting this month a new department called 'The Sciences and Society' as a kind of counterpart to 'Letters and the Arts.' It will be conducted by Harold Ward of New York City, who has read widely in the sciences and reviews scientific books for the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, and other publications. The idea behind the department is a new one, and Mr. Ward has defined his purpose as follows:—

'To report on some of the more interesting events in the fields of the basic sciences and technology: theoretical researches, discoveries, and inventions; results of scientific expeditions and laboratories throughout the world; new methods of attack upon abstract problems and the application of results to practical needs. To discuss the implications of scientific activities for human thought in other fields—philosophic, ethical, and artistic; in brief, to indicate, so far as it is possible to do so, the effects upon each other of the domain of rigor which is science and the far wider and less tractable domain of value which, in addition to philosophy and religion, includes economics, politics, and a whole "darkest Africa" of so-called social sciences. To emphasize the rôle played in individual and social life by technology and its ever-increasing command of non-human power for human needs; by natural resources, their scope and possibilities; by transportation, communication, and industrial activities; by the impact of technical efficiency upon our present economic structure and upon such problems as waste, distribution, and consumption, obsolescence, labor, and unemployment. A large programme; rather a counsel of perfection than a statement of what will actually be accomplished. But with so large a target it should be possible to make enough hits to excuse the relative infrequency of direct bull's-eye shots.'

FOR the benefit of libraries and individual subscribers who bind their copies of THE LIVING AGE we are printing our index for the volume that closes this month in our current issue. We do this not only to save the trouble of mailing the indexes separately but also to remind those of our readers who do not bind the magazine what a variety of fare it provides. Old bound volumes dating back to 1844 are as much a part of many American homes as the family Bible and we hope that the files will continue to grow.

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THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Political Prognosis	*Colin Ross*
Spain at the Crossroads	*Alfred Fabre-Luce*
With Germany's Unemployed	*Heinrich Hauser*
Veblen and Technocracy	*Leon Ardzrooni*
Reflections at Seventy	*David Lloyd George*
Is Kreuger Dead?	*Maria Lazar*
To Gerhart Hauptmann	*Thomas Mann*
Confession of Faith	*André Gide*

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ESTABLISHED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844

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Enter Mr. Roosevelt

THE new Administration assumes office at a time when three foreign problems have assumed exceptional importance.

First war debts. Not since the sinking of the *Lusitania* has anti-American feeling run so strong in England. A Nationalist British Cabinet threatens to bluff its way through to outright cancellation. An equally patriotic American Congress will not hear of revision without compensation. Relations between the two most powerful countries in the world have entered a critical stage.

The day after the Roosevelt inauguration Germany goes to the polls. The issue is clear — White Terror or Red? Whatever the outcome, foreign investments running into the billions are in mortal danger and the outlook for peace in Europe is not — to put it mildly — improved.

But the most immediate danger to America lies in the Far East. With warmer weather approaching, with relations between the United States and the European powers becoming increasingly strained, with discontent increasing at home, Japan's opportunity for further expansion and consolidation has arrived. Will she take advantage of it?

So much for the shadows. Now for the high lights — if any.

The solution of the war-debt problem lies at home. If a programme of domestic recovery can be adopted, then a lump-sum payment in final settlement will help to overcome some immediate difficulties. And once conditions in America improve there will be less disposition to blame the foreigner for our troubles.

Germany's crisis need not complicate our own unless those Americans who extended foreign credits can persuade the State Department to act in their behalf. But let us hope that we have learned our lesson from a similar experience, when the extension of private credits to the Allied Powers was followed by war.

Only a breakdown inside Japan or a united front of the Great Powers in the Far East can prevent the Manchurian conflagration from spreading. American recognition of the Soviet Union would therefore serve notice on the world that the two chief powers whose interests demand the preservation of peace have acknowledged each other's existence.

What happens abroad in the next few months is likely to determine America's destiny for a generation. The service that THE LIVING AGE alone offers thus acquires a new importance as a new Administration assumes control.

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Merchant; New York.

Howard Sutherland
U. S. Alien Property Custodian, U. S. Senator from West Virginia, 1917–23.

C. Howard Tate
Art director and specialist in engraving; New York.

George Thomas
President University of Utah, economist.

R. H. Titherington
Editor, author, trustee of the Frank A. Munsey Estate.

Carmi A. Thompson
Treasurer of the United States by appointment of President Taft, United States Special Commissioner to the Philippine Islands by appointment of President Coolidge; Cleveland, Ohio.

Alfred H. Upham
President Miami University, Ohio.

Archibald R. Watson
Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1910–14.

Charles S. Whitman
Governor of the State of New York, 1914–18, President of the American Bar Association, 1926–27.

Ray Lyman Wilbur
United States Secretary of the Interior.

William R. Willcox
Chairman Public Utilities Commission, City of New York, 1907–13, Chairman Republican National Committee, 1916–18.

Henry Lane Wilson
U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, 1909–13.

Henry R. Winthrop
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